SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

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Esteemed Authors.

Corbould Del.

Yorick's discovery of Maria — Vide P. 107

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, &c. &c.

—THEY order, said I, this matter better in France.—

—You have been in France, said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.—Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one-and-twenty miles sailing, for it is absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights—I'll look into them: so giving up the argument—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches—'The coat I have on, said I, looking at the sleeve, will do'—took a place in the Dover stage, and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricasee'd chicken, so incontestably in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the * *Droits d'Aubaine*——my shirts and black pair of silk breeches—portmanteau and all must have gone to the King of France—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee Eliza, I would carry with me to my grave, would have been torn from my neck.—Ungenerous!—to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects have beckoned to their coast—By heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with—

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions——

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* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot—the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finiſhed my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to ſatisfy my mind that I bore him no ſpleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I roſe up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—ſaid I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race; they may be miſled like other people; but there is a mildneſs in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a ſuffuſion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at leaſt of two livres a bottle, which was ſuch as I had been drinking) could have produced.

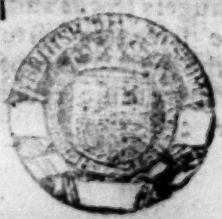
—Juſt God! ſaid I, kicking my portmanteau aſide, what is there in this world's goods which ſhould ſharpen our ſpirits, and make ſo many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out ſo cruelly, as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heavieſt of metals in his hand! He pulls out his purſe, and, holding it airily and uncompreſſed, looks round him, as if he ſought for an object to ſhare it with.—In doing this I felt every veſſel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which ſuſtained life performed it with ſo little friction, that it would have confounded the moſt *phyſical preciuſe* in France; with all her materialiſm, ſhe could ſcarce have called me a machine—

I'm confident, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould have overſet her creed.

The acceſſion of the idea carried nature, at that time, as high as ſhe could go—— I was at peace with the world before, and this finiſhed the treaty with myſelf—

—Now, was I a king of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's portmanteau of me!



THE

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD ſcarce uttered theſe words, when a poor monk of the Order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the ſport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, and another man is puiſſant—*ſed non quo ad hunc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reaſoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the ſame cauſes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themſelves—'twould oft' be no diſcredit to us to ſuppoſe it was ſo: I'm ſure at leaſt for myſelf, that in many a caſe I ſhould be more highly ſatisfied to have it ſaid by the world, 'I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither ſin nor ſhame,' than have it paſs altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was ſo much of both.

But be this as it may. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous; and accordingly I put my purſe into my pocket—buttoned it up—ſet myſelf a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy—but from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which was in them, which ſeemed more tempered by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly ſixty-five: and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked, as if it looked at ſomething beyond this world. How one of

his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes: one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for it was neither elegant nor otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now ſtands preſented to my imagination, it gained more than it loſt by it.

When he had entered the room three paces he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand on his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been ſtruck with it—

—A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'TIS very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eyes downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it ſaid I—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are not great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them by preſſing upon a fund which is

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the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm---the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy*, inſtead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully ſhould it have been opened to you for the ranſom of the unfortunate---The monk made me a bow---But of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country ſurely have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore---The monk gave a cordial wave with his head---as much as to ſay, No doubt, there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent---But we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunick, in return for the appeal---we diſtinguiſh, my good father, betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour---and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance *for the love of God*.

The poor Franciſcan made no reply; a hectic of a moment paſſed acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry---Nature ſeemed to have done with her reſentments in him; he ſhewed none---but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſſed both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door---Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſsneſs, three ſeveral times---but it would not do; every ungracious ſyllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination: I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed, without the addition of unkind language---I conſidered his grey hairs---------his courteous figure ſeemed to re-enter, and gently aſk me what injury he had done me?---and why I could uſe him thus?---I would have given twenty

livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise—and Nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walked out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old Desobligeant * in the furthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight, so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel—But Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us: and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant*.

PREFACE IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, that Nature has set up by her own unquestionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his suffering at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burthen which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we

* A chaise, so called in France from its holding but one person.

are

are endued with an imperfect power of ſpreading our happineſs ſometimes beyond her limits: but it is ſo ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in educations, cuſtoms and habits, we lie under ſo many impediments in communicating our ſenſations out of our own ſphere, as often amount to total impoſſibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of ſentimental commerce is always againſt the expatriated adventurer: he muſt buy what he has little occaſion for at their own price—his converſation will ſeldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large diſcount—and this, by-the-bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for ſuch converſation as he can find, it requires no great ſpirit of divination to gueſs at his party.

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the ſee-ſaw of this *Deſobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final cauſes of travelling——

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad for ſome reaſon or reaſons which may be derived from one of theſe general cauſes——

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable neceſſity.

The firſt two include all thoſe who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curioſity, vanity, or ſpleen, ſubdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third claſs includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more eſpecially thoſe travellers who ſet out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magiſtrate—or young gentlemen tranſported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glaſgow.

There is a fourth claſs, but their number is ſo ſmall, that they would not deſerve a diſtinction, was it not ne-

ceſſary in a work of this nature to obſerve the greateſt preciſion and nicety, to avoid a confuſion of character. And theſe men I ſpeak of are ſuch as croſs the ſeas, and ſojourn in a land of ſtrangers with a view of ſaving money for various reaſons and upon various pretences: but as they might alſo ſave themſelves and others a great deal of unneceſſary trouble by ſaving their money at home——and as their reaſons for travelling are the leaſt complex of any other ſpecies of emigrants, I ſhall diſtinguiſh theſe gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *heads*:

Idle Travellers,
Inquiſitive Travellers.
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic travellers.

Then follow

The Travellers of Neceſſity,
The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The ſimple Traveller;

And the laſt of all (if you pleaſe) the Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myſelf) who have travelled, and of which I am now ſitting down to give an account——as much out of *neceſſity* and the *beſoin de voyager*, as any one in the claſs.

I am well aware, at the ſame time, as both my travels and obſervations will be altogether of a different caſt from any of my fore-runners, that I might have inſiſted upon a whole nich entirely to myſelf——but I ſhould break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wiſhing to draw attention towards me, 'till I have ſome better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*. It is ſufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himſelf, that with ſtudy and reflection hereupon he may be able to determine his own place and

rank

rank in the catalogue—it will be one ſtep towards knowing himſelf, as it is great odds but he retains ſome tincture and reſemblance of what he imbibed, or carried out, to the preſent hour.

The man who firſt tranſplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (obſerve he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the ſame wine at the Cape that the ſame grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that—but undoubtedly he expected to drink ſome ſort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world to know, that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his ſucceſs: however, he hoped for the beſt: and in theſe hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his diſcretion, *Mynheer* might poſſibly overſet both in his new vineyard: and by diſcovering his nakedneſs, become a laughing-ſtock to his people.

Even ſo it fares with the poor traveller, ſailing and poſting through the politer kingdoms of the globe in purſuit of knowledge and improvement.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by ſailing and poſting for that purpoſe; but whether uſeful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery—and even where the adventurer is ſucceſsful, the acquired ſtock muſt be uſed with caution and ſobriety to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiouſly the other way, both as to the acquiſition and application, I am of opinion, that a man would act as wiſely if he could prevail upon himſelf to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, eſpecially if he lives in a country that has no abſolute want of either—and indeed much grief of heart has it oft and many a time coſt me, when I have obſerved how many a foul ſtep the inquiſitive traveller has meaſured, to ſee ſights, and look into diſcoveries; all which, as Sancho Panca, ſaid to Don Quixote, they might have ſeen dry-ſhod at home. It is an age ſo full of light, that there is ſcarce a country

a country or corner of Europe whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others—Knowledge in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing—But there is no nation under heaven—and God is my record (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work) that I do not speak it vauntingly—but there is no nation under heaven abounding with more variety of learning—where the sciences may be more fitly wooed, or more surely won than here—where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high—where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with——Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going—

We are only looking at this chaise, said they—Your most obedient servant, said I skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive Traveller*,—what could occasion its motion.—'Twas the agitation, said I cooly, of writing a preface—I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Desobligeant*.—It would have been better, said I, in a *Vis-a vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepped along it to my room; it was effectually Monsr. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *desobligeant*; and Monsr. Dessein speaking of it with a shrug, as if it would no no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belonged to some *innocent Traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Monsr. Dessein's honour to make the

most

moſt of. Four months had elapſed ſince it had finiſhed its career of Europe in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard; and having ſallied out from thence but a vampt-up buſineſs at the firſt, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Cenis, it had not profited much by its adventures—but by none ſo little as the ſtanding ſo many months unpitied in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be ſaid for it—but ſomething might—and when a few words will reſcue miſery out of her diſtreſs, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now was I the maſter of this hotel, ſaid I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monſ. Deſſein's breaſt, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Deſobligeant*—it ſtands ſwinging reproaches at you every time you paſs by it.—

Mon Dieu! ſaid Monſ. Deſſein—I have no intereſt—except the intereſts, ſaid I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monſ. Deſſein in their own ſenſations—I'm perſuaded to a man who feels for others as well as for himſelf, every rainy night, diſguiſe it as you will, muſt caſt a damp upon your ſpirits—You ſuffer, Monſ. Deſſein, as much as the machine—

I have always obſerved, when there is as much *ſour* as *ſweet* in a compliment, that an Engliſhman is always at a loſs within himſelf, whether to take it or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: Monſ. Deſſein made me a bow.

C'eſt bien vrai, ſaid he—but in this caſe I ſhould only exchange one diſquietude for another, and with loſs: figure to yourſelf, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaiſe which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourſelf how much I ſhould ſuffer, in giving an ill impreſſion of myſelf to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I muſt do, *d'un homme d'eſprit*.

The doſe was made up exactly after my own preſcription; ſo I could not help taking it—and returning Monſ. Deſſein his bow, without more caſuiſtry we walked

walked together towards his remiſe, to take a view of his magazine of chaiſes.

IN THE STREET.
CALAIS.

IT muſt needs be a hoſtile kind of a world, when the buyer, (if it be not a ſorry poſt-chaiſe) cannot go forth with the ſeller thereof into the ſtreet, to terminate the difference between them, but he inſtantly falls into the ſame frame of mind, and views his conventioniſt with the ſame ſort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-Park-corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor ſwordſman, and no way a match for Monſieur *Deſſein*, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the ſituation is incident —I looked at Monſ. *Deſſein* through and through—eyed him as he walked along in profile—then *en face*——thought he looked like a Jew—then a Turk—diſliked his wig—curſed him by my gods——wiſhed him at the devil—

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart, for a beggarly account of three or four louis-d'ors, which is the moſt I can be over-reached in?—Baſe paſſion! ſaid I, turning myſelf about, as a man naturally does upon a ſudden reverſe of ſentiment—baſe ungentle paſſion! thy hand is againſt every man, and every man's hand againſt thee—Heaven forbid! ſaid ſhe, raiſing her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had ſeen in conference with the monk ---ſhe had followed us unperceived---Heaven forbid indeed! ſaid I, offering her my own---ſhe had a black pair of ſilk gloves, open only at the thumb and two forefingers, ſo accepted it without reſerve---and I led her up to the door of the remiſe.

Monſieur *Deſſein* had *diabled* the key about fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himſelf to have it opened; and ſo attentive to the obſtacle, that I continued holding her hand, almoſt without knowing it, ſo that Monſ. *Deſſein* left us together, with her hand in

mine

mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the remiſe, and ſaid he would be back in five minutes.

Now a coloquy of five minutes in ſuch a ſituation, is worth one of ſo many ages with our faces turned towards the ſtreet; in the latter caſe, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank, you draw purely from yourſelves. A ſilence of a ſingle moment upon Monſieur *Deſſein*', leaving us, had been fatal to the ſituation—ſhe had infaillibly turned about—ſo I began the converſation inſtantly———

—But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologize for the weakneſſes of my heart in this tour—but give an account of them) ſhall be deſcribed with the ſame ſimplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Deſobligeant*, becauſe I ſaw the monk in cloſe conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn—I told him the whole truth; for I was full as much reſtrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suſpicion croſſed my brain, and ſaid, he was telling her what had paſſed; ſomething jarred upon it within me———I wiſhed him at his convent,

When the heart flies out before the underſtanding, it ſaves the judgment a world of pains——I was certain ſhe was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impreſſion returned upon my encounter with her in the ſtreet; a guarded frankneſs with which ſhe gave me her hand, ſhewed, I thought, her good education, and her good ſenſe; and as I led her on, I felt a pleaſurable ductility about her, which ſpread a calmneſs over all my ſpirits.

—Good God! how a man might lead ſuch a creature as this round the world with him.

I had

I had not yet ſeen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was inſtantly ſet about, and long before we had got to the door of the remiſe, *Fancy* had finiſhed the whole head, and pleaſed herſelf as much with it's fitting her goddeſs, as if ſhe had dived into the TIBER for it—but thou art a ſeduced, and a ſeducing ſlut: and albeit thou cheateſt us ſeven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with ſo many charms doſt thou do it, and thou deckeſt out thy pictures in the ſhapes of ſo many angels of light, 'tis a ſhame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the remiſe, ſhe withdrew her hand from acroſs her forehead, and let me ſee the original—it was a face of about ſix-and-twenty—of a clear tranſparent brown, ſimply ſet off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handſome, but there was that in it, which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it—it was intereſting. I fancied it wore the characters of a widowed look, and in that ſtate of its declenſion which had paſſed the firſt paroxiſms of ſorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itſelf to its loſs—but a thouſand other diſtreſſes might have traced the ſame lines. I wiſhed to know what they had been—and was ready to enquire (had the ſame *bon ton* of converſation permitted as in the days of Eſdras) ——'*Wout aileth thee? and why art thou diſquieted? and why is thy underſtanding troubled?*'—In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and reſolved ſome way or other to throw in my mite of courteſy,——if not of ſervice.

Such were my temptations—and in this diſpoſition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned cloſer to the door of the remiſe than what was abſolutely neceſſary.

THE REMISE DOOR.
CALAIS.

'THIS certainly, fair lady! ſaid I, raiſing her hand up a little lightly as I began, muſt be one of Fortune's whimſical doings; to take two utter ſtrangers by their hands—

hands—of different ſexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in ſuch a cordial ſituation as Friendſhip herſelf could ſcarce have atchieved for them, had ſhe projected it for a month.

—And your reflection upon it ſhews how much, Monſieur, ſhe has embarraſſed you by the adventure—When the ſituation is what we would wiſh, nothing is ſo ill-timed as to hint at the circumſtances which make it ſo. You thank Fortune, continued ſhe—you had reaſon—the heart knew it and was ſatisfied; and who but an Engliſh philoſopher would have ſent notice of it to the brain to reverſe the judgment?

In ſaying this ſhe diſengaged her hand with a look which I thought a ſufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miſerable picture which I am going to give of the weakneſs of my heart, by owning that it ſuffered a pain, which worthier occaſions could not have inflicted—I was mortified with the loſs of her hand, and the manner in which I had loſt it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a ſheepiſh inferiority ſo miſerable in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are ſhort upon theſe diſcomfitures. In a very few ſeconds ſhe laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finiſh her reply; ſo ſome way or other, God knows how, I regained my ſituation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different converſation for the lady, thinking, from the ſpirit, as well as moral of this, that I had been miſtaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the ſpirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muſcles relaxed, and I beheld the ſame unprotected look of diſtreſs which firſt won me to her intereſt—Melancholy! to ſee ſuch ſprightlineſs the prey of ſorrow—I pitied her from my ſoul; and though it may ſeem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart—I could have taken her into my arms, and cheriſhed her though it was in the open ſtreet, without bluſhing.

The

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across her, told her what was passing within me: she looked down---a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer comprehension of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own---not as if she was going to withdraw her's---but as if she thought about it---and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resource in these dangers---to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself; so she let it continue till Monsieur Dessein returned with the key, and in the mean time I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind: and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no---He stopped however, as soon as he came up to us with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me---You shall taste mine said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand---'Tis most excellent, said the monk.---Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu* said he, pressing his hands together---you never used me unkindly.---I should think, said the lady, he is not likely.---I blushed in my turn; but from what movements I leave to few who feel to analyse——Excuse me Madame, replied I; I treated him most unkindly; and

from

from no provocations.—'Tis impoſſible ſaid the lady.—My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of aſſeveration which ſeemed not to belong to him, the fault was in me, and in the indiſcretion of my zeal—The lady oppoſed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impoſſible, that a ſpirit ſo regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered ſo ſweet and pleaſurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained ſilent without any ſenſation of that fooliſh pain which takes place, when in ſuch a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without ſaying a word. Whilſt this laſted, the monk rubbed his horn box upon the ſleeve of his tunick: and as ſoon as it had acquired a little air of brightneſs by the friction, he made a low bow, and ſaid, 'twas too late to ſay, whether it was the weakneſs or goodneſs of our tempers which had involved us in this conteſt—but be it as it would—he begged we might exchange boxes.—In ſaying this, he preſented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiſſed it with a ſtream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his boſom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the inſtrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to ſomething better; in truth, I ſeldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous ſpirit of the owner to regulate my own, in the joſtlings of the world. They had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his ſtory, till about this the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon ſome military ſervices ill requited, and meeting at the ſame time with a diſappointment in the tendereſt of paſſions, he abandoned the ſword and the ſex together, and took ſanctuary not ſo much in his convent as in himſelf.

I feel a damp upon my ſpirits as I am going to add, that in my laſt return through Calais; upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his own convent,

but

but, according to his desire, in a little cemetry belonging to it about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forciby upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—But I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crouded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife*, at least; so stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the remise, the one of them who was the inquisitive traveller, asked us, if we set out for Paris the next morning? I could only answer for myself, I said; and the lady added, she was for Amiens—We dined there yesterday, said the simple traveller——You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*, but upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of snuff, I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover—They left us alone—

Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?——and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion and bad propensity in my nature took the alarm as I stated the proposition—It will oblige you to have a third horse, said AVARICE, which will put

put twenty livres out of your pocket—You know not what she is said CAUTION—Or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whispered COWARDICE——

Depend upon it, Yorick! said DISCRETION, 'twill be said you went off with a mistress, and came by assignation to Calais for that purpose.

——You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY aloud, shew your face in the world——Or rise, quoth MEANNESS, in the church—Or be any thing in it, said PRIDE, but a lousy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing, said I——and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose, that I know of, but to compass the heart with adamant——I turned instantly about to the lady——

——But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street, by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walked with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand—with the slow, short-measured step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground, it struck me she was trying the same cause herself. God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or a Tartuffish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the *proceſſe*, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than by surprise, I face about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the remise, whilst she walked musing on one side.

IN THE STREET. CALAIS

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order of beings"—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress—I went no further; I got ground enough

enough for the ſituation that pleaſed me—and had ſhe remained cloſe beſide my elbow till midnight, I ſhould have held true to my ſyſtem, and conſidered her only under that general idea.

She had ſcarce got twenty paces diſtant from me, ere ſomething within me called out for a more particular enquiry—it brought on the idea of a further ſeparation—I might poſſibly never ſee her more—the heart is for ſaving what it can, and I wanted the traces through which my wiſhes might find their way to her; in caſe I ſhould never rejoin her myſelf: in a word, I wiſhed to know her name—her family's—her conditions; and as I knew the place to which ſhe was going, I wanted to know from whence ſhe came; but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies ſtood in the way. I formed a ſcore of different plans—there was no ſuch thing as a man's aſking her directly——the thing was impoſſible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the ſtreet, ſhewed me it was the eaſieſt thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, juſt as the lady was returning back to the door of the remiſe, he introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to preſent him to the lady—I had not been preſented myſelf—ſo turning about to her, he did it juſt as well, by aſking her if ſhe had come from Paris? No: ſhe was going that route, ſhe ſaid——*Vous n'etez pas de Londres?*—She was not, ſhe replied——Then Madame muſt have come through Flanders—*Apparemment vous etez Flamand?* ſaid the French captain—The lady anſwered ſhe was—*Peut-etre de Liſle?* added he—She ſaid ſhe was not of Liſle.——Nor Arras?——Nor Cambray?——Nor Ghent?——Nor Bruſſels?——She anſwered, ſhe was of Bruſſels.

He had the honour he ſaid, to be at the bombardment of it laſt war—that it was finely ſituated *pour cela*—and full of nobleſſe when the Imperialiſts were driven out by the French (the lady made a ſlight curtſey)—ſo giving

ing her an account of the affair, and of the ſhare he had in it—he begg'd the honour to know her name—ſo made his bow.

Et Madame a ſon Mari? ſaid he, looking back when he had made two ſteps——and without ſtaying for an anſwer—— danced down the ſtreet.

Had I ſerved ſeven years apprenticeſhip to good-breeding I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us Monſ. Deſſein came up with the key of the remiſe in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaiſes.

The firſt object which caught my eye, as Monſ. Deſſein open'd the door of the remiſe, was another old tatter'd *Deſobligeant:* and notwithſtanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy ſo much in the coach-yard but an hour before—the very ſight of it ſtirred up a diſagreeable ſenſation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churliſh beaſt into whoſe heart the idea could firſt enter to conſtruct ſuch a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of uſing it

I obſerved the lady was as little taken with it as myſelf: ſo Monſ. Deſſein led us on to a couple of chaiſes which ſtood a-breaſt, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchaſed by my lord *A.* and *B.* to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no farther than Paris, ſo were in all reſpects as good as new—they were too good—ſo I paſs'd on to a third which ſtood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price. But 'twill ſcarce hold two, ſaid I opening the door and getting in—Have the goodneſs, Madam, ſaid Monſ. Deſſein, offering his arm to ſtep in.—The lady heſitated half a ſecond and ſtepped in, and the waiter that moment beckoning to ſpeak to Monſ. Deſſein, he ſhut the door of the chaiſe upon us, and left us.

THE

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'its very droll, said the lady smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies— *'est bien comique*, said she——

—There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comic use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.

'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

It is supposed so at least—and how it has come to pass continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better, than any other nation upon earth; but for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *sentiments!*—I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants; and to do it—pop—At first sight by declaration—is submitting the offer, and themselves with it, to be sifted with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended, as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon her's—

That grave people hate love for the name's sake——

That selfish people hate it for their own——

Hypocrites for Heaven's——

And that all of us both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*—

—What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting. A course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind—

Then

Then I ſolemnly declare, ſaid the lady bluſhing—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR DESSEIN came back to let us out of the chaiſe, and acquaint the lady, Count de L——, her brother, was juſt arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good will for the lady, I cannot ſay that I rejoiced in my heart at the event—and could not help telling her ſo—for it is fatal to a propoſal, Madam, ſaid I, that I was going to make to you—

You need not tell me what the propoſal was, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon both mine as ſhe interrupted me—A man, my good Sir, has ſeldom an offer of kindneſs to make to a woman, but ſhe has a preſentiment of it ſome moments before.——

Nature arms her with it, ſaid I, for immediate preſervation.——But I think, ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend——and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it—If I had—(ſhe ſtopped a moment)—I believe your good-will would have drawn a ſtory from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In ſaying this, ſhe ſuffered me to kiſs her hand twice, and with a look of ſenſibility mixed with concern, ſhe got out of the chaiſe—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finiſhed a twelve guinea bargain ſo expeditiouſly in my life: my time ſeemed heavy upon the loſs of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two till I put myſelf into motion—I ordered poſt-horſes directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! ſaid I, hearing the town clock ſtrike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a ſingle hour in Calais——

What a large volume of adventures may be graſped within this little ſpan of life by him who intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to ſee what

time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on.—

—If this won't turn out something—another will—No matter—'tis an assay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba* and cry, 'Tis all barren—and so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I clapping my hands cheerily together that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could not do better, I, would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted.——He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was just coming out of it—*'Tis nothing but a huge cockpit**, said he—I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I—for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse then a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood

* Vide S——'s Travels.

flood and field, and of the Cannibals which each other eat; the Anthropophagi'—he had been flayed alive, and bedeviled, and uſed worſe than St. Bartholemew, at every ſtage he had come at.

—I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world.—You had better tell it, ſaid I, to your phyſician.

Mundungus, with an immenſe fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dreſden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleaſurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled ſtraight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, leſt Love or Pity ſhould ſeduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itſelf, was it poſſible to get there with ſuch tempers, would want objects to give it—every gentle ſpirit would come flying upon the wings of love to hail their arrival—nothing would the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of but freſh anthems of joy, freſh raptures of love, and freſh congratulations of their common felicity—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happieſt manſion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be ſo far from being happy, that the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once loſt my portmanteau from behind my chaiſe, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the poſtillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting ——Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's aſking me if I wanted not a ſervant, that it occurred to me that that was the very thing.

A ſervant! That I do moſt ſadly, quoth I—Becauſe, Monſieur, ſaid the landlord, there is a clever young fellow who would be very proud of the honour to ſerve an Engliſhman.—But why an Engliſh one, more than any other?—They are ſo generous, ſaid the landlord—I'll

be ſhot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myſelf, this very night—But they have wherewithal to be ſo, Monſieur, added he—Set down one livre more for that, quoth I—It was but laſt night, ſaid the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois preſenteit un ecu a la fille de chambre—Tant pis pour Mademoiſelle Jonatone*, ſaid I.

Now Jonatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord ſuppoſing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I ſhould not have ſaid *tant pis*—but *tant mieux*. *Tant mieux, toujours, Monſieur*, ſaid he, when there is any thing to be got—*tant pis*, when there is nothing.—It comes to the ſame thing, ſaid I.—*Pardonnez moi*, ſaid the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to obſerve once for all, that *tant pis*, and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French converſation, a ſtranger would do well to ſet himſelf right in the uſe of them before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis at our Ambaſſador's table demanded of Mr. H—— if he was H—— the poet?—No, ſaid H—— mildly——*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H—— the hiſtorian, ſaid another—*tant mieux* ſaid the Marquis.—And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

When the landlord had ſet me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he ſpoke of—ſaying only firſt, That as for his talents, he would preſume to ſay nothing—Monſieur was the beſt judge what would ſuit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur he would ſtand reſponſible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which inſtantly ſet my mind to the buſineſs I was upon—and La Fleur who ſtood waiting without, in that breathleſs expectation which every ſon of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

I AM

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at firſt ſight: but never more ſo, than when a poor devil comes to offer his ſervice to ſo poor a devil as myſelf; and as I know this weakneſs, I always ſuffer my judgment to draw back ſomething on that very account--and this more or leſs according to the mood I am in, and the caſe---and I may add the gender too, of the perſon I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every diſcount I could make for my ſoul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; ſo I hired him firſt---and then began to enquire what he could do---But I ſhall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them---beſides a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't ſay my weakneſs was ever ſo inſulted by my wiſdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had ſet out early in life, as gallantly as moſt Frenchmen do, with ſerving for a few years; at the end of which, having ſatisfied the ſentiment, and found moreover that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it opened no further track of glory to him---he retired *à ſes terres*, and lived *comme il plaiſoit à Dieu*---that is to ſay, upon nothing.

---And ſo, quoth *Wiſdome*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy!---Pſha! ſaid I, and do not one half of our gentry go with an humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the ſame round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay beſides? When a man can extricate himſelf with an *equivoque* in ſuch an unequal match, he is not ill off---But can you do nothing elſe, La Fleur, ſaid I——*O quoi*; he could make ſpatterdaſhes, and play a little upon the fiddle—Bravo! ſaid Wiſdome—Why I play a baſs myſelf, ſaid I: we ſhall do very well.—You can ſhave and dreſs a wig a little, La Fleur—He had all

the diſpoſitions of the world—It is enough for heaven! ſaid I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me——So ſupper coming in, and having a friſky Engliſh ſpaniel on one ſide of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was ſatisfied in my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be ſatisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the ſtage, I muſt intereſt the reader a little further in his behalf, by ſaying, that I had never leſs reaſon to repent of the impulſes which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—He was a faithful, affectionate, ſimple ſoul as ever trudged after the heels of a philoſopher; and notwithſtanding his talents of drum-beating and ſpatter-daſh-making, which, though very good in themſelves, happened to be of no great ſervice to me, yet was I hourly recompenſed by the feſtivity of his temper—it ſupplied all defects—I had a conſtant reſource in his looks in all difficulties and diſtreſſes of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger or thirſt, or cold, or nakedneſs, or watchings, or whatever ſtripes or ill-luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his phyſiognomy to put them out by——he was always the ſame; ſo that if I am a piece of a philoſopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philoſophy of this poor fellow, for ſhaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a ſmall caſt of the coxcomb—but he ſeemed at firſt ſight to be more a coxcomb of nature than art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he ſeemed to be no coxcomb at all,

MON-

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half-a-dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise—get the horses put to—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garcon de bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half-a-dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postilion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt; he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, 'He is always in love.'—I am heartily glad of it, said I—'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's eloge as my own, having been in love with one princess or other almost all my life; and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another. Whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up—I can scarce find in it to give misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can, and the moment I am re-kindled, I am all generosity and good-will again and would do any thing in the world, either for or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this—sure I am commending the passion—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

——THE town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate

town

town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies, and aſſaſſinations—libels, paſquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day—'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at the worſt, it came to paſs that the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted with it; but of all the paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations than the tender ſtrokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus, *O Cupid, prince of Gods and Men*, &c. Every man almoſt ſpoke pure iambics the next day, and talked of nothing but Perſeus his pathetic addreſs—'O Cupid! prince of Gods and men'—in every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe—'O Cupid! Cupid!'—in every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody, which drops from it whether it will or no—nothing but 'Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men.'—The fire caught—and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itſelf to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of hellebore—not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death—Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſs'd each other in the ſtreet—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera—every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtely ſat her down, and liſtened to the ſong——

'Twas only in the power, ſays the Fragment, of the God whoſe empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is diſputed and paid for in the inn, unleſs you are a little ſoured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaiſe, and and that is with the ſons and daughters of poverty, who ſurround you.—Let no man ſay, 'let them go to the devil'—'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables, and they have had ſufferings enow without it; I always think

think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle traveller to do ſo likewiſe; he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them—they will be regiſtered elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few that I know have ſo little to give; but as this was the firſt public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-day! ſaid I, I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tattered ſoul, without a ſhirt on, inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two ſteps out of the circle and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment of a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt heaven! for what wiſe reaſons haſt thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this?

—I inſiſted upon preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh briſk fellow who ſtood over againſt me in the circle, putting ſomething firſt under his arm which had once been a hat, took his ſnuff-box out of his pocket, and generouſly offered me a pinch on both ſides of him: it was a gift of conſequence, and modeſtly declined.—The poor little fellow preſſed it upon them with a nod of welcomeneſs—*Prenez en—prenez*, ſaid he, looking another way; ſo they each took a pinch—Pity thy box ſhould ever want one, ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a couple of ſous into it—taking a ſmall pinch out of his to enhance their value, as I did it.—He felt the weight of the ſecond obligation more than the firſt—'twas doing him an honour—the other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand, who had

had been campaigned and worn out to death in the ſervice—here's a couple of ſous for thee. *Vive le Roi!* ſaid the old ſoldier.

I had then but three ſous left; ſo I gave one ſimply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begged—The poor woman had a diſlocated hip; ſo it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Menſieur—There's no oppoſing this, ſaid I.

My Lord Anglois—the very ſound was worth the money—ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it*. But in the eagerneſs of giving, I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to aſk a ſous for him, and who, I believed, would have periſhed ere he could have aſked one for himſelf: he ſtood by the chaiſe, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had ſeen better days—Good God! ſaid I—and I have not one ſingle ſous left to give him—'But you have a thouſand!' cried all the powers of nature ſtirring within me—ſo I gave him—no matter what—I am aſhamed to ſay *how much*, now—and was aſhamed to think how little, then; ſo if the reader can form any conjecture of my diſpoſition, as theſe two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the preciſe ſum.

I could afford nothing for the reſt, but *Dieu vous beniſſe*—*Et le bon Dieu vous beniſſe encore*—ſaid the old ſoldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could ſay nothing—but he pull'd out a little handkerchief and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING ſettled all theſe little matters, I got into my poſt-chaiſe with more eaſe than ever I got into a poſt-chaiſe in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far ſide of a little *bidet**, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he

* Poſt-horſe.

canter'd

cantered away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince—

—But what is happineſs! what is grandeur in this painted ſcene of life! A dead aſs, before we had got a league, put a ſudden ſtop to La Fleur's career; his bidet would not paſs by it; a contention aroſe betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very firſt kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Chriſtian, ſaying, neither more nor leſs upon it than Diable! ſo preſently got up, and came to the charge again aſtride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one ſide of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way, and in ſhort every way but by the dead aſs—La Fleur inſiſted upon the thing, and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, ſaid I, with this bidet of thine?—*Monſieur* ſaid he, *c'eſt cheval le plus opiniatre du monde*——Nay, if he is a conceited beaſt, he muſt go his own way, replied I—ſo La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good ſound laſh, the bidet took me at my word, and away he ſcampered back to Montriul—*Peſte!* ſaid La Fleur.

It is not *mal a propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himſelf but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, *Diable!* and *Peſte!* that there are nevertheleſs three in the French language, like the poſitive, comparative, and ſuperlative, one or the other of which ſerve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the firſt, and poſitive degree, is generally uſed upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where ſmall things only fall out contrary to your expectations—ſuch as—the throwing once doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horſe, and ſo forth—cuckoldom, for the ſame reaſon, is always *Le Diable!*

But in caſes where the caſt has ſomething provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving

leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the second degree.

'Tis then *Peſte!*

And for the third—

——But here my heart it rung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miſeries muſt have been their lot, and how bitterly ſo refined a people muſt have ſmarted, to have forced them upon the uſe of it.——

Grant me, O ye powers which tough the tongue with eloquence in diſtreſs!—whatever is my caſt, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

—But as theſe were not to be had in France, I reſolved to take every evil juſt as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur who had made no ſuch covenant with himſelf, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of ſight—and then you may imagine, if you pleaſe, with what word he cloſed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frightened horſe in jack boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaiſe, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the poſt-houſe at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet—and this ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me.—I thought, by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs he had ſeen dead on the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentations for his; but he did it with true more touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting on a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide,

which he took up from time to time---then laid them down---look'd at them, and shook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſome time in his hand---then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle---look'd wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made---and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongſt the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready: as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

---He had ſaid he came laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeem'd deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having in one week loſt two of the eldeſt of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him alſo, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his ſtory, he ſtopped to pay nature its tribute---and wept bitterly.

He ſaid, heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey---that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern---La Fleur offered him money---the mourner ſaid he did not want it---it was not the value of the aſs---but the loſs of him---The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him---and upon this told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time the aſs

had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat or drank till they met.—

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt in the loſs of thy poor beaſt: I'm ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him.—Alas! ſaid the mourner, I thought ſo, when he was alive—but now that he is dead, I think otherwiſe—I fear the weight of myſelf and of my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for.—Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf—Did we love each other as this poor ſoul loved his aſs—'twould be ſomething.

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's ſtory threw me into required ſome attention; the poſtillion paid not the leaſt to it, but ſet off upon the *pave* in a full gallop.

The thirſtieſt ſoul in the moſt ſandy deſert of Arabia could not have wiſhed more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements, and I ſhould have had an high opinion of the poſtillion, had he but ſtolen off with me in ſomething like a penſive pace—On the contrary, as the mourner finiſhed his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling laſh to each of his beaſts, and ſet off clattering like a thouſand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's ſake to go ſlower—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too—ſaid I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces, till he has worked me into a fooliſh paſſion, and then he'll go ſlow, that I may enjoy the ſweets of it.

The poſtillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a ſteep hill about half a league from Nampont,——he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myſelf for being ſo.

My

My caſe then required a different treatment: and a good rattling gallop would have been of real ſervice to me.—

Then, prithee, get on—get on, my good lad, ſaid I.—

The poſtillion pointed to the hill—I then tried to return back to the ſtory of the poor German and his aſs—but I had broke the clue—and could no more get into it again, than the poſtillion could into a trot.

—The duce go, ſaid I, with it all! Here am I ſitting as candidly diſpoſed to make the beſt of the worſt as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one ſweet lenitive at leaſt for evils, which Nature holds out to us: ſo I took it kindly at her hands, and fell aſleep! and the firſt word which rouzed me was *Amiens*.

—Bleſs me! ſaid I, rubbing my eyes—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were ſcarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L——'s poſt-chaiſe, with his ſiſter in it, drove haſtily by: ſhe had juſt time to make me a bow of recognition—and of that particular kind of it, which told me ſhe had not yet done with me.—She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finiſhed my ſupper, her brother's ſervant came into the room with a billet, in which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to preſent myſelf to Madame R—— the firſt morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, ſhe was ſorry, but from what *penchant* ſhe had not conſidered, that ſhe had been prevented telling me her ſtory; that ſhe ſtill owed it me; and if my route ſhould ever lay through Bruſſels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L—— —. that Madame de L—— would be glad to diſcharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! at Bruſſels—'tis only returning from Italy thro' Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home—'twill ſcarce be ten poſts out of my way; but were it ten thouſand!

with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in ſharing in the ſickening incidents of a tale of miſery told me by ſuch a ſufferer? to ſee her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquiſite ſenſation is there ſtill left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the firſt and faireſt of women, as I'm ſitting with my handkerchief in my hand in ſilence the whole night beſide her.

There was nothing wrong in the ſentiment; and yet I inſtantly reproached my heart with it in the bittereſt and moſt reprobate of expreſſions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the ſingular bleſſings of my life, to be almoſt every hour of it miſerably in love with ſome one; and my laſt flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealouſy on the ſudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afreſh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before—ſwearing as I did it, that it ſhould laſt me through the whole journey—Why ſhould I diſſemble the matter? I had ſworn to her eternal fidelity—ſhe had a right to my whole heart—to divide my affections was to leſſen them—to expoſe them was to riſk them; where there is riſk there may be loſs:—And what wilt thou have, Yorick! to anſwer to a heart ſo full of truſt and confidence——ſo good, ſo gentle and unreproaching!——

I will not go to Bruſſels, replied I, interrupting myſelf—but my imagination went on—I recalled her looks at that criſis of our ſeparation, when neither of us had power to ſay adieu. I looked at the picture ſhe had tied in a black ribband about my neck—and bluſh'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the world to have kiſſed it—but was aſhamed—And ſhall this tender flower, ſaid I, preſſing it between my hands—ſhall it be ſmitten to its very root—and ſmitten, Yorick, by thee, who haſt promiſed to ſhelter it in thy breaſt.

Eternal fountain of happineſs! ſaid I, kneeling down upon the ground——be thou my witneſs——and every pure ſpirit which taſtes it be my witneſs alſo, that I would not travel to Bruſſels, unleſs Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In tranſports of this kind, the heart, in ſpite of the underſtanding, will always ſay too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not ſmiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unſucceſsful in his feats of chivalry—and not one thing had offered to ſignalize his zeal for my ſervice from the time he had entered into it, which was almoſt four-and twenty hours, The poor ſoul burned with impatience; and, the Count L***'s ſervant's coming with the letter, being the firſt practicable occaſion which offer'd, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his maſter, had him taken into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the beſt wine in Picardy, and the Count de L***'s ſervant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeneſs with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a paſſport in his very looks) ſoon ſet every ſervant in the kitchen at eaſe with him: and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no ſort of prudery in ſhewing them, La Fleur, in leſs than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himſelf with the firſt note, ſet the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the ſcullion, and all the houſhold, dogs and cats, beſides an old monkey, a dancing: I ſuppoſe there never was a merrier kitchen ſince the Flood.

Madame de L***, in paſſing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing ſo much jollity below ſtairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to aſk about it, and hearing it was the Engliſh gentleman's ſervant who had ſet the whole houſe merry with his pipe, ſhe ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not preſent himſelf empty, he had loaden himſelf in going up ſtairs with a thouſand compliments to Madame de L*** on the part of his maſter—added a long apocrypha of enquiries after Madame de L***'s health—told her, that Monſieur, his maſter, was *au deſeſpoir* for her re-eſtabliſhment from

the fatigues of her journey—and to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour—'And he has done him the honour,' said Madame de L——, interrupting La Fleur, 'to send a billet in return.'

Madame de L—— had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour—and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en'egards vis-a-vis d'une femme!* so that when Madame de L——asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter—*O qu'oui*, said La Fleur: so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right side pocket with his left hand he began to search for the letter with his right—then contrarywise—*Diable!* then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob—*Peste!* then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor—pulled out a dirty cravat, a handkerchief—a comb—a whip-lash—a night-cap—then gave a peep into his hat—*Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge——he would run for it and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*—and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had—a devil himself could not have been angry:—it was but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour: and however he might have mistook the road—or embarrassed me in so doing—his heart was in no fault—I was under no necessity to write—and what weighed more than all—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

—It is all very well, La Fleur, said I—'twas sufficient.

tient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and returned with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepped out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink---then fetched sand and seal wax ---It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore on, and burnt and wrote again---*Le Diable l'emporte*, said I, half to myself---I cannot write this self-same letter, throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour ——Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket-book crammed full of small letters and billet-doux, in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, 'till he came to the letter in question—*La voila!* said he, clapping his hands: so, unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table, whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE suis penetre de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en meme temp au desespoirs, par ce retour imprevu du Corporal qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde le plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie! toute la mienne ſera de penſer a vous.

L'amour n'eſt rien ſans ſentiment.

Et le ſentiment eſt encore moins ſans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais deſeſperer.

On dit auſſi que Monſieur le Corporal monte la garde Mecredi: alors ce ſera mon tour.

Chacun a ſon tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! & vive la bagatelle!

Je ſuis, Madame,

avec toutes les ſentiments les plus reſpectueux & les plus tendres tout a vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was by changing the Corporal into the Count---and ſaying nothing about mounting guard on Wedneſday---and the latter was neither right nor wrong---ſo to gratify the poor fellow, who ſtood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of the letter---I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way ---I ſeal'd it up, and ſent him with it to Madame de L*--- and the next morning we purſued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can conteſt the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lacqueys and a couple of cooks---'tis very well in ſuch a place as Paris---he may drive in at which end of a ſtreet he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whoſe whole infantry does not exceed a ſingle man, had beſt quit the field, and ſignalize himſelf in the cabinet, if he can get up into it---I ſay *up into it*---for there is no deſcending perpendicular amongſt 'em, with a '*Me voici, mes enfans*'——' here I am'——whatever many may think.

I own my firſt ſenſations, at ſoon as I was left ſolitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from

from being ſo flattering as I had prefigured them—I walked up gravely to the window in my duſty black coat, and looking through the glaſs, ſaw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleaſure,—the old with broken launces and in helmets which had loſt their vizors—the young in armour bright, which ſhone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the Eaſt—all—all tilting at it like faſcinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love——Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? on the very firſt onſet of all this gliltering clatter thou art reduced to an atom—ſeek—ſeek ſome winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau ſhot its rays——there thou may'ſt ſolace thy ſoul in converſe ſweet with ſome kind *griſſet* of a barber's wife, and get into ſuch coteries!

——May I periſh if I do! ſaid I, pulling out a letter which I had to preſent to Madame de R * * *——I'll wait upon this lady the very firſt thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go ſeek me a barber directly——and come back and bruſh my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend, ſaid I, this buckle won't ſtand.——You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will ſtand——

What a great ſcale is every thing upon in this city! thought I—the utmoſt ſtretch of an Engliſh periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confeſs I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally ſo ſtruck with the great work of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never could make a compari-

ſon leſs than a mountain at leaſt. All that can be ſaid againſt the French ſublime in this inſtance of it is this——that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*; and *leſs* in the *thing*. No doubt, the ocean fills the mind with vaſt ideas: but Paris being ſo far inland, it was not likely I ſhould run poſt one hundred miles out of it to try the experiment—the Pariſian barber meant nothing——

The pail of water ſtanding beſide the great deep, makes certainly but a ſorry figure in ſpeech—but 'twill be ſaid it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a ſingle moment.

In honeſt truth and upon a more candid reviſion of the matter, *the French expreſſion profeſſes more than it performs.*

I think I can ſee the preciſe and diſtinguiſhing marks of national characters more in theſe nonſenſical *minutiæ* than in the moſt important matters of ſtate; where great men of all nations talk and ſtalk ſo much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to chuſe amongſt them.

I was ſo long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R * * that night: but when a man is once dreſſed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; ſo taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged: I walked forth without any determination where to go—I ſhall conſider of that, ſaid I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL ye ſmall ſweet courteſies of life, for ſmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at firſt ſight:—'tis you who open this door and let the ſtranger in.

—Pray Madame, ſaid I, have the goodneſs to tell me which way I muſt turn to go to the Opera Comique?——

——Moſt

—Moſt willingly, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, laying aſide her work——

I had given a caſt with my eye into half a dozen ſhops as I came along, in ſearch of a face not likely to be diſordered by ſuch an interruption; till at laſt this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as ſhe ſat in a low chair on the far ſide of the ſhop facing the door.

—*Tres volontiers*, moſt willingly ſaid ſhe, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and riſing up from the low chair ſhe was ſitting in, with ſo cheerful a movement, and ſo cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I ſhould have ſaid—"This woman is grateful."

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take—you muſt firſt turn to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be ſo good as to take the ſecond—then go down a little way and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you muſt croſs—and there any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhew you——

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me with the ſame good-natured patience the third time as the firſt; and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out—ſhe ſeemed really intereſted that I ſhould not loſe myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt griſſet, I think I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy: only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not gone ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid—ſo looking

ing back, and seeing her still standing at the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot—Is it possible! said she, half-laughing—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight curtsey.

—*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.—So I walk'd in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

—He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment—And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature: and certainly, added I, if it is in the same blood which comes from the heart that descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world—Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery.—

—Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever—How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession!—and thou should'st have laughed and moralized on—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said,

ſaid, 'there are worſe occupations in this world *than* '*feeling a woman's pulſe.*'——But a griſſet's! thou would'ſt have ſaid—and in an open ſhop! Yorick,—

——So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her huſband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the ſhop, put me a little out of my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her huſband, ſhe ſaid, ſo I began a freſh ſcore—Monſieur is ſo good, quoth ſhe, as he paſſed by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe—The huſband took off his hat, and making me a bow, ſaid I did him too much honour—and having ſaid that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out, and can this man be the huſband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In London a ſhop-keeper and a ſhop-keeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one fleſh; and in ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it; ſo as in general to be upon a par, and totally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need do.

In Paris, there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the huſband, he ſeldom comes there—in ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commercelès in his thrum night-cap, the ſame rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *Salique*, having ceded this department, with ſundry others totally to the women—by a continual higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes from morning

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ing till night, like ſo many rough pebbles ſhook together in a bag, by amicable colliſions, they have worn down their aſperities and ſharp angles, and not only become round and ſmooth, but will receive, ſome of them, a poliſh like a brilliant---Monſieur *le Marle* is little better than the ſtone under your foot——

---Surely---ſurely, man! it is not good for thee to ſit alone— thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our nature from it, I appeal to as my evidence.

---And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe,---With all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected---ſhe was going to ſay ſome thing civil in return---but the lad came into the ſhop with the gloves---*Apropos*, ſaid I, I want a couple of pair myſelf.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful griſſet roſe up when I ſaid this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it. I advanced to the ſide over-againſt her; they were all too large. The beautiful griſſet meaſured them one by one acroſs my hand---it would not alter the dimenſions——She begg'd I would try a ſingle pair, which ſeemed to be the leaſt---She held it open---my hand ſlipped into it at once---It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking my head a little——No, ſaid ſhe, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtilty---where whim, and ſenſe, and ſerioufneſs, and nonſenſe are ſo blended, that all the languages of Babel ſet looſe together could not expreſs them---they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to ſwell pages about it——it is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do, ſo folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter——it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful griſſet look'd ſometimes at the gloves, then ſide-ways to the window, then at the gloves---and

then

then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I followed her example; so I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did——

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about—Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were you are welcome—so counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse, but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthrophy I never think of, at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans: and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet,

phlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of ſpectacles. As ſoon as I ſat down, he took his ſpectacles off, and putting them into a ſhagreen caſe, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half roſe up and made him a bow.

Tranſlate this into any civilized language in the world—the ſenſe is this:

"Here's a poor ſtranger come into the box—he ſeems "as if he knew no-body; and is never likely, was he "to be ſeven years in Paris, if every man he comes "near keeps his ſpectacles upon his noſe—'tis ſhutting "the door of converſation abſolutely in his face—and "uſing him worſe than a German."

The French officer might as well have ſaid it all aloud: and if he had, he had of courſe have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was "ſenſible of his attention, and returned him a thouſand "thanks for it."

There is not a ſecret ſo aiding to the progreſs of ſociality as to get maſter of this *ſhort-hand*, and be quick in rendering the ſeveral turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it ſo mechanically, that when I walk the ſtreets of London, I go tranſlating all the way; and have more than once ſtood behind the circle, where not three words have been ſaid, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and ſworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was juſt entering the door of the hall, when the Marquiſina di **** was coming out in a ſort of a hurry—ſhe was juſt upon me before I ſaw her; ſo I gave a ſpring to one ſide to let her paſs—ſhe had done the ſame and on the ſame ſide too; ſo we ran our heads together: ſhe inſtantly got to the other ſide to get out; I was juſt as unfortunate as ſhe had been; for I had ſprung to that ſide, and oppoſed her paſſage again—We both flew together to the other ſide, and then back—and ſo on—

it was ridiculous; we both blushed intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock-still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, 'till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage—she look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather side-ways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her.—No, said I,—that's a vile translation: the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in—so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying, it was my intention to have made her way. She answered she was guided by the same intention towards me—so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs: and seeing no *cbichesbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure—Upon my word, Madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter—I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I—With all my heart, said she, making room—— Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connexion which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark, made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*—and that was, the unaccountable sport of Nature in forming such numbers of Dwarfs—No doubt, she

sports

ſports at certain times in almoſt every corner of the world; but in Paris there is no end to her amuſements ——The goddeſs ſeems almoſt as merry as ſhe is wiſe.

As I carried my idea out of the *Opera Comique* with me, I meaſured every body I ſaw walking in the ſtreets by it—Melancholy application! eſpecially where the ſize was extremely little—the face extremely dark—the eyes quick—the noſe long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to ſee ſo many miſerables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper claſs into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down—every third man a pigmy!—ſome by ricketty heads and hump-backs—others by bandy legs—a third ſet arreſted by the hand of Nature in the ſixth and ſeventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural ſtate, like dwarf apple trees: from the firſt rudiments and ſtamina of their exiſtence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might ſay, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a ſplenetic one, to want of air—and an inquiſitive traveller, to fortify the ſyſtem, may meaſure the height of their houſes—the narrowneſs of their ſtreets—and in how few feet ſquare in the ſixth and ſeventh ſtories ſuch numbers of the *Bourgeoiſe* eat and ſleep together: but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body elſe, in ſpeaking one evening of theſe matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increaſed almoſt to any ſize, provided they came right into the world: but the miſery was, the citizens of Paris were ſo coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I did not call it getting any thing, ſaid he—'tis getting nothing—Nay, continued he, riſing in his argument, 'tis getting worſe than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tendereſt care and moſt nutritious aliment beſtowed upon it, ſhall not at laſt be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very ſhort, there could be nothing more ſaid of it.

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As this is not a work of reaſoning, I leave the ſolution as I found it, and content myſelf with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and bye-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carouſal to the Palais Royale, and obſerving a little boy in ſome diſtreſs at the ſide of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty——Never mind ſaid I: ſome good body will do as much for me, when I am ninety.

I feel ſome little principles within me which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my ſpecies, who have neither ſize nor ſtrength to get on in the world.---I cannot bear to ſee one of them trod upon; and had ſcarce got ſeated beſide my old French officer, ere the diſguſt was exerciſed by ſeeing the very thing happen under the box we ſat in.

At the end of the orcheſtra, and betwixt that and the firſt ſide-box, there is a ſmall eſplanade left, where, when the houſe is full, numbers of all ranks take ſanctuary. Though you ſtand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the ſame price as in the orcheſtra. A poor defenceleſs being of this order had got thruſt ſomehow or other into this luckleſs place---the night was hot, and he was ſurrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himſelf. The dwarf ſuffered inexpreſſibly on all ſides; but the thing which incommoded him moſt, was a tall corpulent German, near ſeven feet high, who ſtood directly betwixt him and all poſſibility of ſeeing either the ſtage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by ſeeking for ſome little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying firſt one ſide, then the other; but the German ſtood ſquare in the moſt unaccommodating poſture that can be imagined!---The dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepeſt draw-well in Paris; ſo he civilly reached up his hand to the German's ſleeve, and told him his diſtreſs---The German turned his head back, look'd

look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David—and unfeelingly reſumed his poſture.

I was juſt then taking a pinch of ſnuff out of my monk's little horn box—and how would thy meek and courteous ſpirit, my dear Monk! ſo temper'd to *bear and forbear!*——how ſweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor ſoul's complaint.

The old French officer, ſeeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apoſtrophe, took the liberty to aſk me what was the matter——I told him the ſtory in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.—

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his firſt tranſports, which are generally unreaſonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife. The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome if he could reach it.

An injury ſharpen'd by an inſult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of ſentiment a party: I could have leap'd out of the box to have addreſſed it——The old French officer did it with much leſs confuſion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the ſame time with his finger at the diſtreſs—the centinel make his way to it—There was no occaſion to tell the grievance—the thing told itſelf; ſo thruſting back the German inſtantly with his muſket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble, ſaid I, clapping my hands together——And yet you would not permit this, ſaid the old officer, in England.

——In England, dear Sir, ſaid I, *we ſit all at our eaſe.*——

The old French officer would have ſet me at unity with myſelf, in caſe I had been at variance,—by ſaying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth ſomething at Paris, he offered me a pinch of ſnuff.

THE

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to aſk the old French officer, "what was the matter?" for a cry of "*Hauſſez les mains, Monſieur l'Abbe,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the parterre, was as unintelligible to me, as my apoſtrophe to the Monk had been to him.

He told me, it was ſome poor Abbe in one of the upper *loges*, who he ſuppoſed had got planted perdu behind a couple of griſſets, in order to ſee the opera, and that the parterre eſpying him, were inſiſting upon his holding up both his hands during the repreſentation.—And can it be ſuppoſed, ſaid I, that an eccleſiaſtic would pick the griſſet's pockets? The old French officer ſmiled, and whiſpering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

Good God! ſaid I turning pale with aſtoniſhment—— is it poſſible, that a people ſo fmit with ſentiment ſhould at the ſame time be ſo unclean, and ſo unlike themſelves ——*Quelle groſſierte!* added I.

—The French officer told me it was an illiberal ſarcaſm at the Church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothic manners was declining—— Every nation continued he, have their refinements and *groſſiertes*, in which they take the lead, and loſe it of another by turns—that he had been in moſt countries, but never in one where he found not ſome delicacies which others ſeemed to want. *Le* POUR *et le* CONTRE *ſe trouvent en chaque Nation*: there is a balance, ſaid he, of good and bad every-where; and nothing but the knowing it is ſo can emancipate one-half of the world from the prepoſſeſſion which it holds againſt the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *ſcavoir vivre*, was by ſeeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The

The old French officer delivered this with an air of ſuch candour and good ſenſe, as coincided with my firſt favourable impreſſions of his character—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I miſtook the object—'twas my own way of thinking——The difference was, I could not have expreſſed it half ſo well.

It is alike troubleſome to both the rider and his beaſt—if the latter goes pricking up his ears and ſtarting all the way at every object which he never ſaw before—I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honeſtly confeſs that many a thing gave me pain, and that I bluſh'd at many a word the firſt month which I found inconſequent, and perfectly innocent the ſecond.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town—Of all women Madame de Rambouliet is the moſt correct; and I never wiſh to ſee one of more virtues and purity of heart—In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet deſired me to pull the cord——I aſked her if ſhe wanted any thing—*Rien que piſſer*, ſaid Madame de Rambouliet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p——ſs on——And ye fair myſtic nymphs! go each one *pluck your roſe*, and ſcatter them in your path—for Madame de Rambouliet did no more—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the prieſt of the chaſte CASTALIA, I could not have ſerved at her fountain with a more reſpectful decorum.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.
VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.
PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his ſon upon the ſame ſubject into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet, and Hamlet the reſt of Shakeſpeare's works, I ſtopped at the Quai de Conti, in my return home, to purchaſe the whole ſet.

The bookſeller ſaid he had not a ſet in the world—*Comment!* ſaid I, taking one out of a ſet which lay upon the counter betwixt us—He ſaid, they were ſent him only to be got bound, and were to be ſent back to Verſailles in the morning to the Count de B***.

—And does the Count de B***, ſaid I, read Shakeſpeare? *C'eſt un Eſprit fort*, replied the bookſeller.—He loves Engliſh books: and what is more to his honour Monſieur he loves the Engliſh too. You ſpeak this ſo civilly, ſaid I, that it is enough to oblige an Engliſhman to lay out a Louis d'or or two in your ſhop. The bookſeller made a bow, and was going to ſay ſomething, when a young decent girl about twenty, who by her air and dreſs ſeemed to be *fille de chambre* to ſome devout woman of faſhion, came into the ſhop, and aſked for *Les Egarements du Cœur et du l'Eſprit:* the bookſeller gave her the book directly; ſhe pulled out a little green ſattin purſe run round with ribband of the ſame colour and putting her finger and thumb into it, ſhe took out money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the ſhop, we both walked out of the door together.—

And what have you to do my dear, ſaid I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one—nor, till love has firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs

ſhepherd

ſhepherd had made it ache, canſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo.—*Le Dieu mon garde!* ſaid the girl.—With reaſon, ſaid I—for it is as good a one, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſtolen;—'tis a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreſſed out with pearls.

The young girl liſtened with a ſubmiſſive attention, holding her ſatin purſe by its ribband in her hand all the time—'Tis a very ſmall one, ſaid I taking hold of the bottom of it—ſhe held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, ſaid I: but be but as good as thou art handſome, and heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakeſpeare; and, as ſhe had let go the purſe entirely, I put a ſingle one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me a more humble curtſey than low one—'twas one of thoſe quiet, thankful ſinkings, where the ſpirit bows itſelf down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life, which gave me half the pleaſure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, ſaid I, if I had not given this along with it? but now, when you ſee the crown, you'll remember it—ſo don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

Upon my word, Sir, ſaid the girl earneſtly, I am incapable—in ſaying which, as is uſual in little bargains of honour, ſhe gave me her hand—*En verité, Monſieur, je mettrai cet argent à part* ſaid ſhe.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it ſanctifies their moſt private walks; for notwithſtanding it was duſky, yet, as both our roads lay the ſame way, ſhe made no ſcruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a ſecond curtſey in ſetting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if ſhe had not done enough before, ſhe made a ſort of a little ſtop to tell me again—ſhe thank'd me.

It was a ſmall tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid

avoid paying to virtue, and would not be miſtaken in the perſon I had been rendering it to for the world—But I ſee innocence my dear in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a ſnare in its way.

The girl ſeem'd affected ſome way or other with what I ſaid—ſhe gave a low ſigh—I found I was not empowered to enquire at all after it—ſo ſaid nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

——But is this the way, my dear, ſaid I, to the Hotel de Modene? She told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegualt, which was the next turn.—Then I'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegualt, ſaid I, for two reaſons; firſt, I ſhall pleaſe myſelf; and next, I ſhall give you the protection of my company, as far on your way as I can. The girl was ſenſible I was civil ——and ſaid, ſhe wiſh'd the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre.——You live there? ſaid I.——She told me ſhe was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****.—Good God! ſaid I, 'tis the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens.—The girl told me, that Madame R****, ſhe believed, expected a ſtranger with a letter, and was impatient to ſee him——ſo I deſired the girl to preſent my compliments to Madame R****, and ſay I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We ſtood ſtill at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilſt this paſs'd—We then ſtopped a moment whilſt ſhe diſpoſed of her *Egarements de Cœur*, &c. more commodiouſly than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes; ſo I held the ſecond for her whilſt ſhe put the firſt into her pocket, and then ſhe held her pocket and I put in the other after it.

'Tis ſweet to feel by what fine-ſpun threads our affections were drawn together.

We ſet off afreſh, and as ſhe took her third ſtep, the girl put her hand within my arm——I was juſt bidding her——but ſhe did it of herſelf with that undeliberating ſimplicity which ſhewed it was out of her head that ſhe had never ſeen me before. For my own part, I felt the

conviction of conſanguinity ſo ſtrongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and ſee if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeneſs—Tut! ſaid I, are not we all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Guineygaude, I ſtopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindneſs——She bid me adieu twice—I repeated it as often; and ſo cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where elſe, I am not ſure but I ſhould have ſigned it with a kiſs of charity, as warm and holy as an apoſtle.

But in Paris, as none kiſs each other but the men—I did, what amounted to the ſame thing——

——I bid God bleſs her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant de Police—The deuce take it, ſaid I——I know the reaſon. It is time the reader ſhould know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that had I told it then, it might have been forgot now—and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with ſo much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glaſs at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea preſented itſelf: and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a paſſport. Go but to the end of a ſtreet, I have a mortal averſion for returning back no wiſer than I ſet out; and as this was one of the greateſt efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could leſs bear the thoughts of it: ſo hearing the Count de *** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *ſuite*. The Count had ſome little knowledge of me, ſo made little or no difficulty—only ſaid, his inclination to ſerve

me

me could reach no further than Calais; as he was to return by way of Bruſſels to Paris: however, when I had once paſſed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I muſt make friends and ſhift for myſelf.——Let me get to Paris, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I—and I ſhall do very well. So I embarked and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me—the thing inſtantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the maſter of the hotel came into my room to tell me the ſame thing, with this addition to it, that my paſſport had been particularly aſked after: the maſter of the hotel concluded with ſaying, He hoped I had one.---Not I, faith, ſaid I.

The maſter of the hotel retired three ſteps from me as from an infected perſon, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three ſteps towards me, and with that ſort of movement which a good ſoul makes to ſuccour a diſtreſſed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that ſingle *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had ſerved me with fidelity for ſeven years.

Monſeigneur, cried the maſter of the hotel——but recollecting himſelf as he made the exclamation, he inſtantly changed the tone of it—If Monſieur, ſaid he, has not a paſſport (*apparament*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference—Then *certes*, replied he, you will be ſent to the Baſtile, or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! ſaid I, the King of France is a good natured ſoul—he will hurt nobody—*Cela n' empeche pas*, ſaid he—you will certainly be ſent to the Baſtile to-morrow morning—But I have taken your lodgings for a month, anſwered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whiſpered in my ear, that no body could oppoſe the king of France.

Tardi, ſaid my hoſt, *ces Meſſieurs Anglois ſont des gens tres extraordinaires*—and having both ſaid and ſworn it——he went out.

THE PASSPORT.
THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur with a ſerious look upon the ſubject of my embarraſſment, which was the reaſon I had treated it ſo cavalierly; and to ſhow him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the ſubject entirely; and whilſt he waited upon me at ſupper, talk'd to him with more than uſual gaiety about Paris, and of the Opera Comique—La Fleur had been there himſelf, and had followed me through the ſtreets as far as the bookſeller's ſhop; but ſeeing me come out with a young *fille de chambre*, and that we walk'd down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deem'd it unneceſſary to follow me a ſtep farther—ſo making his own reflections upon it, he took a ſhorter cut—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the Police againſt my arrival.

As ſoon as the honeſt creature had taken away, and gone down to ſup himſelf, I then began to think a little ſeriouſly about my ſituation.——

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt ſmile at the remembrance of a ſhort dialogue which paſs'd betwixt us the moment I was going to ſet out—I muſt tell it here.

Eugenius knowing that I was as little ſubject to be overburthened with money as thought, had drawn me aſide to interrogate me how much I had taken care for. Upon telling him the exact ſum, Eugenius ſhook his head, and ſaid, it would not do; ſo pull'd out his purſe in order to empty it into mine.——I've enough in conſcience, Eugenius ſaid I.—Indeed Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy better than you.—But you don't conſider, Eugenius, ſaid I, refuſing his offer that before I have been three days in Paris, I ſhall take care to ſay or do ſomething or other for which I ſhall get clapt up into the Baſtile, and that I ſhall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence.——I beg pardon, ſaid Eugenius, dryly; really I had forgot that reſource.

Now

Now the event I treated gaily came ſeriouſly to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philoſophy, or pertinacity—or what is it in me, that after all, when La Fleur had gone down ſtairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwiſe than I had then ſpoken of it to Eugenius?

—And as for the Baſtile! the terror is in the word—Make the moſt of it you can, ſaid I to myſelf, the Baſtile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a houſe you cannot get out of—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do very well within—at leaſt for a month or ſix weeks: at the end of which, if he is a harmleſs fellow his innocence appears and he comes out a better and a wiſer man than he went in.

I had ſome occaſion (I forget what) to ſtep into the court-yard, as I ſettled this account; and remember I walked down ſtairs in no ſmall triumph with the conceit of my reaſoning—Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly——for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue ſhe overlooks them——It is true ſaid I, correcting the propoſition——the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed——but ſtrip it of its towers——fill up the foſſe—unbarricade the doors——call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe it is ſome tyrant of a diſtemper——and not of a man which holds you in it——the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the

ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a ſtarling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out, I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling

I ſtood looking at the bird; and to every perſon who came through the paſſage it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentation of its captivity——"I cant get out," ſaid the ſtarling.——God help thee! ſaid I, but I'll let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twiſted and double-twiſted ſo faſt with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces——I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty—— "No," ſaid the ſtarling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true to nature were they chaunted, that in one view they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I walked heavily up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, Slavery! ſaid I, ſtill thou art a bitter draught! and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, 'till NATURE herſelf ſhall change——No *tint* of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron——With thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the

the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent, grant me but health thou great beſtower of it, and give me but this fair Goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy Divine Providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groupes in it did but diſtract me——

—I took a ſingle captive and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice: his children——.

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the fartheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darken'd the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs

leſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction.—— I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn——I ſtarted up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him beſpeak me a *remiſe*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—I'll go directly, ſaid I, myſelf to Monſieur Le Duc de Choiſeul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he ſhould ſee any thing upon my cheek which would coſt the honeſt fellow a heart-ach—I told him I would go to bed by myſelf—and bid him to do the ſame.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remiſe* the hour I promiſed; La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the beſt of his way to Verſailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a ſhort hiſtory of this ſelf-ſame bird, which became the ſubject of the laſt chapter.

Whilſt the honourable Mr. **** was waiting for wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an Engliſh lad who was his groom; who, not caring to deſtroy it, had taken it in his breaſt into the packet—and by courſe of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it ſafe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the ſtarling, and as he had little to do better the five months his maſter ſtayed there, he taught it

in

in his mother's tongue the four ſimple words—(and no more)——to which I own'd myſelf ſo much his debtor.

Upon his maſter's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the maſter of the hotel——But his little ſong for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no ſtore ſet by him—ſo La Fleur bought him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whoſe language he had learn'd his notes——and telling the ſtory of him to Lord A—, Lord A. begg'd the bird of me——In a week Lord A. gave him to Lord B.; Lord B. made a preſent of him to Lord C——; and Lord C's gentleman ſold him to Lord D's for a ſhilling——Lord D. gave him to Lord E——, and ſo on half round the alphabet——From that rank he paſs'd into the lower houſe, and paſs'd the hands of as many commoners——but all theſe wanted to *get in*——and my bird wanted to *get out*——he had almoſt as little ſtore ſet by him in London as in Paris.

It is impoſſible but many of my readers muſt have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever ſeen him,——I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird——or ſome vile copy ſet up to repreſent him.

I have

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this I have borne this poor ſtarling as the creſt of my arms.---Thus

—And let the heralds officers twiſt his neck about if they dare.'

THE ADDRESS.
VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to aſk protection of any man; for which reaſon I generally endeavour to protect myſelf; but this going to Monſ. Le Duc de C**** was an act of compulſion---had it been an act of choice, I ſhould have done it, I ſuppoſe, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty addreſs, as I went along, did my ſervile heart form! I deſerved the Baſtile for every one of them.

Then nothing would ſerve me when I got within ſight of Verſailles, but putting words and ſentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myſelf

myſelf into Monſ. le Duc de C***'s good graces—This will do, ſaid I—juſt as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his meaſure—Fool! continued I——ſee Monſ. Le Duc's face firſt—obſerve what character is written in it—take notice in what poſture he ſtands to hear you—mark the turns and expreſſions of his body and limbs——and for the tone——the firſt ſound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all theſe together you'll compound an addreſs at once on the ſpot, which cannot diſguſt the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and moſt likely to go down.

Well! ſaid I, I wiſh it well over——Coward again, as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole ſurface of the globe?—and if in the field—why not face to face in the cabinet too? And truſt me, Yorick, whenever it is not ſo, man is falſe to himſelf, and betrays his own ſuccours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duke de C——— with the Baſtile in thy looks—my life for it, thou wilt be ſent back to Paris in half an hour with an eſcort.

I believe ſo, ſaid I—then I'll go to the Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonaierneſs in the world.—

—And there you are wrong again, replied I—A heart at eaſe, Yorick, flies into no extremes—'tis ever on its center—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates, I find I ſhall do very well; and by the time he had wheel'd round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myſelf ſo much the better for my own lecture, that I neither aſcended the ſteps like a victim to juſtice, who was to part with the life upon the topmoſt—nor did I mount them with a ſkip and a couple of ſtrides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the ſaloon, I was met by a perſon who poſſibly might be the maitre d'hotel, but had more the air of one of the under-ſecretaries, who told me the Duke de C——— was buſy. I am utterly ignorant

ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too.—He replied, that did not increase the difficulty.—I made him a slight bow, and told him, I had something of importance to say to Mons. le Duc. The secretary look'd towards the stairs, as if about to leave me, to carry up this account to some one—But I must not mislead you, said I,—for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur le Duc de C****—but of great importance to myself.—*C'est une autre affaire*, replied he—Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry.—But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accesse*?—In not less than two hours, said he, looking at his watch.—The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the bastile itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the street I changed my mind. As I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town: so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets—I suppose the town is not very large, said I.—The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes, and marquisses, and counts had hotels—The Count de B****, of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoken so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind. And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B****, who has so

ſo high an idea of Engliſh books and Engliſhmen—and tell him my ſtory? ſo I changed my mind a ſecond time —In truth it was the third; for I had intended that day for Madame de R—— in the Rue de St. Piere, and had devoutly ſent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would aſſuredly wait upon her—but I am governed by circumſtances—I cannot govern them; ſo ſeeing a man ſtanding with a baſket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ſomething to ſell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chavalier de St. Louis ſelling *pates*—It is impoſſible, La Fleur, ſaid I,—La Fleur could not more account for the phenomenon than myſelf, but perſiſted in his ſtory; he had ſeen the Croix ſet in gold, with its red ribband, he ſaid, tied to his button hole—and had looked into the baſket, and ſeen the *pates* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not be miſtaken in that.

Such a reverſe in man's life awakens a better principle than curioſity; I could not help looking for ſome time at him as I ſat in the remiſe—the more I looked at him, his Croix and his baſket, the ſtronger they wove themſelves into my brain—I got out of the *remiſe* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a ſort of bib that went half way up his breaſt; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his Croix. His baſket of little *pates* was covered over with a white damaſk napkin; another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatneſs throughout, that one might have bought his *pates* of him as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of an hotel, for thoſe to buy who choſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder—I went up rather to the baſket than him, and having lifted

np the napkin, and taken one of his *pates* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words that the beſt part of his life had paſſed in the ſervice, in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtained a company and the Croix with it; but that, at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with thoſe of ſome other regiment, left without any proviſion, he found himſelf in a wide word, without friends, without a livre—and, indeed, ſaid he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he ſaid it, to his Croix)—The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finiſhed the ſcene with winning my eſteem too.

The king, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes, but his generoſity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom be loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no diſhonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way—unleſs Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleaſure from the good. in paſſing over what happen'd to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace, and as his Croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the ſame enquiry which I had done—He had told them the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo much modeſty and good ſenſe, that it had reach'd at laſt the king's ear—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to pleaſe myſelf—the two ſtories reflect light upon each other—and 'tis pity they ſhould be parted.

THE

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d' E**** in Britanny into decay. The Marquis d' E**** had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs. Wiſhing to preſerve and ſtill ſhew to the world, ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been—Their indiſcretion had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obſcurity*—but he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expenſive—and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Brittany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſh'd to ſee re-bloſſom—but in Brittany, there being a proviſion for this, he avail'd himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the States were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the dutchy, which though ſeldom claim'd, he ſaid, was no leſs in force, he took his ſword from his ſide—Here, ſaid he, take it: and be truſty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword——he ſtaid a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of the houſe, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs, with ſome unlook'd for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe, returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to ſupport it

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this ſolemn requiſition: I call it ſolemn—It was ſo to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he ſupported his lady—his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice—

—There was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approach'd within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchoineſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family—he reclaim'd his ſword. His ſword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard—'twas the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame—when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it——I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I ſhall find, ſaid he ſome, *other way* to get it "off."

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he return'd his ſword into its ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and with his wife and daughter, and his two ſons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monſieur le Count de B———.The ſet of Shakeſpeares was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walk'd up cloſe to the table, and giving

ing firſt ſuch a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were, I told him I had come without any one to preſent me, knowing I ſhould meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I truſted, would do it for me—It is my countryman the great Shakeſpeare, ſaid I, pointing to his works—*et avez la bonté, mon cher ami*, apoſtrophizing his ſpirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur là.*—

The Count ſmiled at the ſingularity of the introduction: and ſeeing I look'd a little pale and ſickly, inſiſted upon my taking an arm-chair; ſo I ſat down; and to ſave him conjectures upon a viſit ſo out of all rule, I told him ſimply of the accident in the bookſeller's ſhop, and how that had impell'd me rather to go to him with the ſtory of a little embarraſſment I was under, than to any other man in France—And what is your embarraſſment? Let me hear it ſaid the Count.—— So I told him the ſtory juſt as I have told it the reader.—

—And the maſter of the hotel ſaid I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monſieur le Count, that I ſhould be ſent to the Baſtile—But I have no apprehenſions, continued I—for falling into the hands of the moſt poliſh'd people in the world, and being conſcious I was a true man, and not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land, I ſcarce thought I laid at their mercy. —It does not ſuit the gallantry of the French, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, to ſhew it againſt invalids.

An animated bluſh came into the Count de B——'s cheeks as I ſpoke this—*Ne craignez rien*—Don't fear, ſaid he—Indeed I don't, replied I, again—Beſides, continued I a little ſportingly, I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeul is ſuch an enemy to mirth, as to ſend me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monſieur le Count de B—— (making him a low bow) is to deſire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good-nature, or I

had not ſaid half as much—and once or twice ſaid—*C'eſt bien dit.* So I reſted my cauſe there—and determined to ſay no more about it.

The Count led the diſcourſe; we talked of indifferent things—of books—and politics, and men—and then of women—God bleſs them all, ſaid I, after much diſcourſe about them—there is not a man upon earth who loves them ſo much as I do; after all the foibles I have ſeen, and all the ſatires I have read againſt them, ſtill I love them; being firmly perſuaded that a man who has not a ſort of an affection for the whole ſex is is incapable of loving a ſingle one as he ought.

Heb bien! Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid the Count gaily—You are not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land—I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare ſay that of our women—But permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way, that the proſpect would not affect you.

I have ſomething within me which cannot bear the ſhock of the leaſt indecent inſinuation: in the ſportability of chit-chat, I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thouſand things to a dozen of the ſex together—the leaſt of which I could not venture to a ſingle one to gain heaven.

Excuſe me, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I—As for the nakedneſs of your land, if I ſaw it, I ſhould caſt my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women (bluſhing at the idea he had excited in me) I am ſo evangelical in this, and have ſuch a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I could wiſh, continued I, to ſpy the *nakedneſs* of their hearts, and through the different diſguiſes of cuſtoms, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to faſhion my own by—and therefore, am I come.

It is for this reaſon, Monſieur le Count, continued I, that I have not ſeen the Palais Royal—nor the Luxembourg—nor the Facade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to ſwell the catalogues we have of pictures, ſtatues and churches—I conceive every fair being as a

temple

temple, and would rather enter in and ſee the original drawings and looſe ſketches hung up in it, than the Transfiguration of Raphael itſelf.

The thirſt of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breaſt of the connoiſſeur, has led me from my own home into France, and from France will lead me through Italy—'Tis a quiet journey of the heart in purſuit of Nature, and thoſe affections which ariſe out of her, which makes us love each other—and the world, better than we do.

The Count ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion! and added, very politely, how much he ſtood obliged to Shakeſpeare for making me known to him—But *a propos*, ſaid he, Shakeſpeare is full of great things—he forgot a ſmall punctilio of announcing your name—it puts you under a neceſſity of doing it yourſelf.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to ſet about telling any one who I am—for there is ſcarce any body I cannot give a better account of than myſelf; and I have often wiſh'd I could do it in a ſingle word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occaſion in my life I could accompliſh this to any purpoſe; for Shakeſpeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and, turning immediately to the grave digger's ſcene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon Yorick, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name—*Me! Voici!* ſaid I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's ſkull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own or by what magic he could drop a period of ſeven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—'tis certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the leſs at

this: inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case—'He could not bear he said, to look into Sermons wrote by the king of Denmark's jester.'—Good, my lord! said I: but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Horwendillus's court—the other Yorick is myself, who have flourished, my lord, in no court—He shook his head—Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the coppersmith, my lord—'Twas all one he replied.——

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship, said I, I'm sure your Lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B—— fell into the same error.

—*Et Monsieur, est-il Yorick?* cried the Count—*Je le suis*, said I—*Vous?—Moi—moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Compte—Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me—*Vous etes Yorick!*

The Count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Cout de B—— had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespeare into his pocket—*Mysteries which must explain themselves are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* 'twas better to read Shakespeare: so taking up "*Much ado about nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro and Benedick, and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the Passport

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender

render itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long ſince had ye number'd out my days, had I not trod ſo great a part of them upon this enchanted ground. When my way is too rough for my feet, or too ſteep for my ſtrength I get off it, to ſome ſmooth velvet path which fancy has ſcatter'd over with roſe-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back ſtrengthen'd and refreſh'd—When evils preſs ſore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new courſe—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elyſian fields than I have of Heaven, I force myſelf like Æneas, into them—I ſee him meet the penſive ſhade of his forſaken Dido, and wiſh to recognize it—I ſee the injured ſpirit wave her head, and turn off ſilent from the author of her miſeries and diſhonour—I loſe the feelings for myſelf in her's, and in thoſe affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at ſchool.

Surely this is not walking in a vain ſhadow—nor does man diſquiet himſelf in vain *by it*—he oftener does ſo in truſting the iſſue of his commotions to reaſon only—I can ſafely ſay for myſelf, I was never able to conquer any one ſingle bad ſenſation in my heart ſo deciſively, as by beating up as faſt as I could for ſome kindly and gentle ſenſation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B*** entered with my paſſport in his hand. Monſieur le Duc de ***, ſaid the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare ſay, as he is a ſtateſman—*un homme qui rit*, ſaid the duke, *ne ſera dangereux:* Had it been for any one but the king's jeſter, added the Count, I could not have got it theſe two hours.—*Pardonnez moi*, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I—I am not the king's jeſter.——But you are Yorick?—Yes.—*Et vous plaiſantez?*—I anſwered, Indeed I did jeſt—but was not paid for it—'twas entirely at my own expence.

We have no jeſter at court, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I; the laſt we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II,

-- ſince which time our manners have been ſo gradually refining, that our court at preſent is ſo full of patriots, who wiſh for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country---and our ladies are all ſo chaſte, ſo ſpotleſs, ſo good ſo devout---there is nothing for a jeſter to make a jeſt of---

Voila un perſiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the paſſport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, juſticiaries, and all officers of juſtice, to let Mr. Yorick the king's jeſter, and his baggage, travel quietly along---I own the triumph of obtaining the paſſport was not a little tarniſh'd by the figure I cut in it---But there is nothing unmix'd in this world; and ſome of the greateſt of our divines have carried it ſo far as to affirm, that enjoyment itſelf was attended even with a ſigh—and that the greateſt they *knew of* terminated *in a general way*, in little better than a convulſion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriſkius, in his Commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note to give an account to the world of a couple of ſparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at laſt had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

'Tis ſtrange! writes Bevoriſkius: but the facts are certain, for I have had the curioſity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cock-ſparrow, during the little time that I could have finiſhed the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his careſſes three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriſkius, is Heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated

Ill-fated Yorick! that the graveſt of thy brethren ſhould be able to write that to the world, which ſtains thy face with crimſon to copy in even thy ſtudy.

But this is nothing to my travels---So I twice---twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? ſaid the Count de B——, after he had given me the paſſport.

The reader may ſuppoſe, that after ſo obliging a proof of courteſy, I could not be at a loſs to ſay ſomething to the enquiry.

Mais paſſe, pour cela—Speak frankly, ſaid he; do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of?—I had found every thing, I ſaid, which confirmed it—*Vraiment*, ſaid the Count,---*les Francois ſont polis*---To an exceſs, replied I.

The count took notice of the word *exceſſe*; and would have it I meant more than I ſaid. I defended myſelf a long time as well as I could againſt it.--he inſiſted I had a reſerve, and that I would ſpeak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, that man has a certain compaſs, as well as an inſtrument: and that the ſocial and other calls have occaſion by turns for every key in him; ſo that if you begin a note too high or too low, there muſt be a want, either in the upper or under part, to fill up the ſyſtem of harmony.---The Count de B—— did not underſtand muſic, ſo deſired me to explain it in ſome other way. A poliſh'd nation, my dear Count, ſaid I, makes every one its debtor; and beſides, urbanity itſelf, like the fair ſex, has ſo many charms, it goes againſt the heart to ſay it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is empower'd to arrive at—if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I muſt not preſume to ſay, how

far

far this has affected the French in the ſubject we are ſpeaking of—but ſhould it ever be the caſe of the Engliſh, in the progreſs of their refinements, to arrive at the ſame poliſh which diſtinguiſhes the French, if we did not looſe the *politeſſe du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than courteous ones—we ſhould at leaſt loſe that diſtinct variety and originality of character which diſtinguiſhes them, not only from each other, but form all the world beſides.

I had a few of King William's ſhillings as ſmooth as glaſs in my pocket: and foreſeeing they would be of uſe in the illuſtration of my hypotheſis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded ſo far.——

See, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, riſing up, and laying them before him upon the table—by jingling and rubbing one againſt another for ſeventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become ſo much alike, you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh one ſhilling from another.

The Engliſh, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and paſſing but few people's hands, preſerve the firſt ſharpneſſes which the fine hand of nature has given them—They are not ſo pleaſant to feel—but, in return, the legend is ſo viſible, that at the firſt look you ſee whoſe image and ſuperſcription they bear. But the French, Monſieur le Count, added I, (wiſhing to ſoften what I had ſaid) have ſo many excellencies, they can the better ſpare this—they are as loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-temper'd people as is under heaven——if they have a fault, they are too *ſerious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, raiſing out of his chair.

Mais vous plaiſantez, ſaid he, correcting his exclamation—I laid my hand upon my breaſt, and with earneſt gravity aſſured him it was my moſt ſettled opinion.

The Count ſaid, he was mortified he could not ſtay to hear my reaſons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C——.

But if it is not too far to come to Verſailles to eat your ſoup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may

have

have the pleaſure of knowing you retract your opinion—or, in what manner you ſupport it.—But if you do ſupport it, Monſieur Anglois, ſaid he, you muſt do it with all your powers, becauſe you have the whole world againſt you.—I promiſed the Count I would do myſelf the honour of dining with him before I ſet out for Italy—ſo took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment enquiring for me.—I do not know, ſaid the porter, whether ſhe is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up ſtairs; and when I had got within ten ſteps of the landing before my door, I met her coming eaſily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R*** had ſent her upon ſome commiſſion to a *merchante de modes* within a ſtep or two of the Hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, and bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and ſo, whether I had not left a letter addreſſed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was ſo near my door, ſhe returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilſt I wrote a card.

It was a fine ſtill evening in the latter end of the month of May—the crimſon window curtains (which were of the ſame colour with thoſe of the bed) were drawn cloſe—the ſun was ſetting, and reflected through them ſo warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face—I thought ſhe bluſh'd—the idea of it made me bluſh myſelf—We were quite alone; and that ſuperinduced a ſecond bluſh before the firſt could get off.

There is a ſort of pleaſing half-guilty bluſh, where the blood is more in fault than the man—'tis ſent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back, but to make the ſenſation of it more delicious to the nerves—'tis aſſociated.

But

But I'll not deſcribe it—I felt ſomething at firſt within me which was not in ſtrict uniſon with the leſſon of virtue I had given her the night before—I ſought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one.—I took a pen up—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an adverſary whom, if we reſiſt, he will fly from us—but I ſeldom reſiſt him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may ſtill get a hurt in a combat—ſo I give up the triumph for ſecurity; and inſtead of thinking to make him fly I generally fly myſelf.

The fair *fille de chambre* came cloſe up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up firſt the pen I caſt down, then offered to hold me the ink; ſhe offered it ſo ſweely, I was going to accept it—but I durſt not—I have nothing, my dear, ſaid I, to write upon.——Write it, ſaid ſhe, ſimply, upon any thing——

I was juſt going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips——

If I do, ſaid I, I ſhall periſh—ſo I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd ſhe would not forget the leſſon I had given her——She ſaid, indeed ſhe would not—and as ſhe uttered it with ſome earneſtneſs ſhe turned about, and gave me both her hands, cloſed together, into mine——It was impoſſible not to compreſs them in that ſituation——I wiſhed to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myſelf againſt it—and ſtill I held them on.—In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again——and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were ſtanding—I had ſtill hold of her hands—and how it happen'd I can give no account, but I neither aſk'd her, nor drew near her—nor did I think of the bed——but ſo it did happen, we both ſat down.

I'll juſt ſhew you, ſaid the fair *fille de chambre*, the little

little purſe I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So ſhe put her hand into her right pocket, which was next to me, and felt for it ſome time——then into the left---" She had loſt it."——I never bore expectation more quietly---it was in her right pocket at laſt ——She pull'd it out; it was of green taffeta; lined with a little bit of white quilted ſatin, and juſt big enough to hold the crown--ſhe put it into my hand;---it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand reſting upon her lap——looking ſometimes at the purſe, ſometimes on the ſide of it.

A ſtitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my ſtock---the fair *fille de chambre*, without ſaying a word, took out her little houſewife, threaded a ſmall needle, and ſew'd it up --I foreſaw it would hazard the glory of the day: and as ſhe paſſed her hand in ſilence acroſs and acroſs my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels ſhake which Fancy had wreath'd about my head.

A ſtrap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her ſhoe was juſt falling off---See, ſaid the *fille de chambre*, looking upon her foot.——I could not from my ſoul but faſten the buckle in return, aud putting in the ſtrap ——and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to ſee both were right---in doing it too ſuddenly--- it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre——and then——

THE CONQUEST.

YES——and then---Ye whoſe clay-cold lips and luke-warm hearts can argue down or maſk your paſſions, tell me what treſpaſs is it, that man ſhould have them? or how his ſpirit ſtands anſwerable to the Father of Spirits but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has ſo wove her web of kindneſs that ſome threads of love and deſire are entangled within the piece ---muſt the whole web be rent in drawing them out?--- Whip me ſuch ſtoics, great Governor of nature! ſaid I to myſelf---Wherever thy Providence ſhall place me for the trials of my virtue---whatever is my danger, whatever

ever is my ſituation—let me feel the movements which riſe out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one, I will truſt the iſſues to thy juſtice for thou haſt made us and not we ourſelves.

As I finiſh'd my addreſs, I raiſed the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room—ſhe ſtood by me till I lock'd the door and put the key in my pocket—*and then*—the victory being quite deciſive—and not till then, I preſs'd my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her ſafe to the gate of the hotel

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impoſſible to go back inſtantly to my chamber—it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it upon the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which had called forth my affections——therefore when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for ſome time, looking at every one who paſs'd by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fix'd upon a ſingle object which confounded all kind of reaſoning upon him.

It was a tall figure, of a philoſophic, ſerious, adult look, which paſs'd and repaſs'd ſedately along the ſtreet, making a turn of about ſixty paces on each ſide of the gate of the hotel—the man was about fifty two—had a ſmall cane under his arm—was dreſs'd in a drab coloured coat, waiſtcoat and breeches, which ſeemed to have ſeen ſome years ſervice—they were ſtill clean, and there was a little air of frugal *proprete* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accoſting a good many in his way, I ſaw he was aſking charity; ſo I got a ſous or two out of my pocket ready to give him as he took me in his turn—he paſs'd by me without aſking any thing—and yet did not go five ſteps farther before he aſked charity of a little woman—I was much

more

more likely to have given of the two—He had ſcarce done with the woman, when he pull'd his hat off to another who was coming the ſame way.—An ancient gentleman came ſlowly, and after him a young ſmart one—He let them both paſs, and aſk'd nothing: I ſtood obſerving him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards and found that he invariably purſued the ſame plan.

There were two things very ſingular in this, which ſet my brain to work, and to no purpoſe—the firſt was why the man ſhould *only* tell his ſtory to the ſex—and ſecondly—what kind of ſtory it was, and what ſpecies of eloquence it could be, which ſoften'd the hearts of the women, which, he knew, 'twas to no purpoſe to practiſe upon the men.

There were two other circumſtances which entangled this myſtery—the one was, he told every woman what he had to ſay in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a ſecret than a petition;—the other was, it was always ſucceſsful——he never ſtopped a woman, but ſhe pull'd out her purſe, and immediately gave him ſomething.

I could form no ſyſtem to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuſe me for the reſt of the evening ſo I walked up ſtairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the maſter of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I muſt provide lodgings elſewhere. How ſo, friend? ſaid I—He anſwered, I had had a young woman lock'd up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and 'twas againſt the rules of his houſe—Very well, ſaid I, we'll all part friends then for the girl is no worſe—and I am no worſe, and you will be juſt as I found you.—It was enough, he ſaid, to overthrow the credit of his hotel.—*Voyez vous, Monſieur*, ſaid he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been

been ſitting upon—I own it had ſomething of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not ſuffering me to enter into a detail of the caſe, I exhorted him to let his ſoul ſleep in peace, as I reſolved to let mine do that night, and that I would diſcharge what I owed him at breakfaſt.

I ſhould not have minded, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, if you had had twenty girls.—'Tis a ſcore more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon——Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning—And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the ſin?—It made a difference, he ſaid, in the ſcandal. I like a good diſtinction in my heart; and cannot ſay I was intolerably out of temper with the man—I own it is neceſſary, reſumed the maſter of the hotel, that a ſtranger at Paris ſhould have the opportunities preſented to him, of buying lace and ſilk ſtockings and ruffles, *et tout cela*—and it is nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.—O my conſcience, ſaid I, ſhe had one: but I never looked into it.—Then, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, has bought nothing—Not one earthly thing, replied I—Becauſe, ſaid he, I could recommend you to one who will uſe you *en conſcience*—But I muſt ſee her this night, ſaid I——He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now ſhall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I—and what then?——Then I ſhall let him ſee I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?——What then!—I was too near myſelf to ſay it was for the ſake of others.—I had no good anſwer left—there was more of ſpleen than principle in my project, and I was ſick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the griſſet came in with her box of lace———I'll buy nothing however, ſaid I, within myſelf.

The griſſet would ſhew me every thing—I was hard to pleaſe, ſhe would not ſeem to ſee it; ſhe opened her little magazine, and laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again one by one, with

with the moſt patient ſweetneſs—I might buy or not—ſhe would let me have every thing at my own price—the poor creature ſeemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herſelf out to win me, and not ſo much in a manner which ſeemed artful, as in one I ſe t ſimple and careſſing.

If there is not a fund of honeſt cullibility in man, ſo much the worſe—my heart relented, and I gave up my ſecond reſolution as quietly as the firſt.—Why ſhould I chaſtiſe one for the treſpaſs of another? if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an hoſt, thought I, looking up in her face, ſo much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purſe, there was no ſuch thing as riſing up and ſhewing her the door, till I had firſt laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

——The maſter of the hotel will ſhare the profit with her—no matter—then I have only paid, as many a poor ſoul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at ſupper, he told me how ſorry the maſter of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's reſt will not lie down with enmity in his heart if he can help it—So I bid La Fleur tell the maſter of the hotel, that I was ſorry on my ſide for the occaſion I had given him; and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman ſhould call again, I ſhall not ſee her.

This was a ſacrifice not to him, but myſelf, having reſolved, after ſo narrow an eſcape, to run no more riſks, but to leave Paris if it was poſſible, with all the virtue I entered it.

C'eſt

C'eſt dereger a nobleſſe, Monſieur, ſaid La Fleur making me a bow down to the ground as he ſaid it—*Et encore Monſieur*, ſaid he, may change his ſentiments, and if *(par hazard)* he ſhould like to amuſe himſelf,—I find no amuſement in it ſaid I, interrupting him—

Mon Dieu! ſaid La Fleur—and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious—ſomething hung upon his lips to ſay to me, or aſk me, which he could not get off; I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myſelf little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle ſo much more intereſting upon my mind, which was that of the man's aſking charity before the door of the hotel—I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curioſity—'tis ſo low a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not purchaſe the gratification of it with a two-ſous piece—but a ſecret, I thought, which ſo ſoon, and ſo certainly ſoftened the heart of every woman you came near, was a ſecret at leaſt equal to the philoſopher's ſtone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been maſter of it.

I toſſed and turned it almoſt all night long in my brains to no manner of purpoſe; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my ſpirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the King of Babylon had been with his; and I will not heſitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wiſe men of Paris as much as thoſe of Chaldea to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday—and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himſelf ſo gallantly arrayed, I ſcarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montrieul to give him a new hat with a ſilver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour*

s'Adonniſer,

s' Adoniſer, when we got to Paris and the poor fellow, to do him juſtice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good ſcarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the ſame—They were not a crown worſe, he ſaid, for the wearing—I wiſhed him hanged for telling me—they looked ſo freſh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have impoſed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart ſore at Paris.

He had purchaſed, moreover a handſome blue ſattin waiſtcoat fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed ſomething the worſe for the ſervices it had done, but it was clean ſcoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole it was rather ſhowy than otherwiſe—and as the blue was not violet, it ſuited with the coat and breeches very well: he had ſqueezed out of the money moreover, a new bag and a ſolitaire; and had inſiſted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees—He had purchaſed muſlin ruffles, *bien brodees*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white ſilk ſtockings for five more—and to top all, nature had given him a handſome figure, without coſting him a ſous.

He entered the room thus ſet off, with his hair dreſſed in the firſt ſtile, and with a handſome *bouquet* in his breaſt—in a word, there was that look of feſtivity in every thing about him which at once put me in mind it was Sunday——and by combining both together, it inſtantly ſtruck me that the favour he wiſhed to aſk of me the night before, was to ſpend the day as every body in Paris ſpent it beſides. I had ſcarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur with infinite humility, but with a look of truſt, as if I ſhould not refuſe him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le gallant vis-a-vis de ſa maitreſſe*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myſelf

vis-a-vis Madame de R***, I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with Nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—no doubt, they have set their self denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold! Behold! I am the servant—disarms me at once of the powers of a master——

——Thou shalt go, La Fleur! said I.

——And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said it was a *petite demoiselle* at Monsr. Le Count de B——'s——La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that somehow or other: but how—Heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my Passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his—the family it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *Boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together; and dance and sing and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

THE

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me ſomething to amuſe myſelf with for the day, more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good ſtep to bring it, he had begged a ſheet of waſte paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that was plate ſufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was, and as I reſolved to ſtay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur* to beſpeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfaſt by myſelf.

When I had finiſhed the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ſame by the waſte paper———but ſtopping to read a line firſt, and that drawing me on to a ſecond and third—I thought it better worth; ſo I ſhut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I ſat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabalais's time, and for ought I know might have been wrote by him——it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that ſo faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it coſt me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afreſh—and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of underſtanding it encreaſed but the deſire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again——and after two or three hours poring over it, with almoſt as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonſenſical inſcription, I thought I made ſenſe of it; but to make ſure of it, the beſt way, I imagined, was to turn it into Engliſh, and ſee how it would look than—ſo I went on leiſurely, as a trifling man does, ſometimes

times writing a ſentence—then taking a turn or two—— and then looking how the world went. out of the window, ſo that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then began and read it as follows———

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

——Now as the notary's wife diſputed the point with the notary with too much heat—I wiſh, ſaid the notary, throwing down the parchment, that there was another notary here only to ſet down and atteſt all this———

And what would you do then, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, riſing haſtily up—the notary's wife was a little ſume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—I would go, anſwered he, to bed—You may go to the devil, anſwered the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the houſe, the other two rooms being unfurniſhed, as is the cuſtom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the ſame bed with a woman who had but that moment ſent him pell mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane and ſhort cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at eaſe towards the *Pont Neuf*.

Of all the bridges that ever were built, the whole world who paſſed over the *Pont Neuf*, muſt own, that it is the nobleſt—the fineſt—the grandeſt—the lighteſt—the longeſt——the broadeſt that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe*.

The worſt fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge againſt it, is, that if there is but a cap full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blaſphemouſly *ſacre Dieu'd* there than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reaſons good and cogent

* By this it ſeems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

Meſſieurs:

Meſſieurs: for it comes againſt you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with ſuch unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who croſs it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, juſt as he was paſſing by the ſentry, inſtinctively clapped his cane to the ſide of it, but in raiſing it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the ſentinel's hat, hoiſted it over the ſpikes of the balluſtrade clear into the Seine.

It is an ill wind, ſaid a boatman who catched it, *which blows nobody any good*.

The ſentry, being a Gaſcon, incontinently twirled up his whiſkers, and levelled his harquebuſs.

Harquebuſſes in thoſe days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lanthron at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, ſhe had borrowed the ſentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gaſcon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—*It is an ill wind*, ſaid he, catching off the notary's caſtor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary croſſed the bridge, and paſſing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, lamented himſelf as he walked along in this manner.

Luckleſs man that I am! ſaid the notary, to be the ſport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the ſtorm of ill-language levelled againſt me and my profeſſion wherever I go——to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempeſt of a woman—to be driven forth out of my houſe by domeſtic winds, and deſpoiled of my caſtor by pontific ones——to be here bare headed in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents——where am I to lay my head?——miſerable man! what wind in the two-and thirty points of the whole compaſs can blow unto thee, as it does to the reſt of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was paſſing on by a dark paſſage, com-

plaining in this ſort, a voice call'd out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary—now the notary being the next, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, walk'd up the paſſage to the door, and paſſing through an old ſort of a ſaloon, was uſher'd into a large chamber, diſmantled of every thing but a long military pike—a breaſt-plate—a ruſty old ſword, and bandoleer, hung up equidiſtant in four different places againſt the wall.

An old perſonage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unleſs decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay ſupporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was ſet cloſe beſide it, and cloſe by the table was placed a chair,—the notary ſat him down in it: and pulling out his inkhorn, and a ſheet of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breaſt over the table, he diſpoſed every thing to make the gentleman's laſt will and teſtament.

Alas! Monſieur le Notarie, ſaid the gentleman, raiſing himſelf up a little, I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the hiſtory of myſelf, which I could not die in peace unleſs I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits ariſing out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me—it is a ſtory ſo uncommon, it muſt be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your houſe—the notary dipp'd his pen in his inkhorn—Almighty Director of every event in my life! ſaid the old gentleman, looking up earneſtly, and riſing his hands towards heaven—Thou whoſe hand has led me on through ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrange paſſages, down into this ſcene of deſolation, aſſiſt the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man—direct my tongue by the ſpirit of thy eternal truth, that this ſtranger may ſet down nought but what is written in that book, from whoſe records, ſaid he, claſping his hands together, I am to be condemn'd or acquitted!—the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye—

—It

—It is a ſtory, Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, which will rouſe up every affection in nature—it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herſelf with pity.—

—The notary was inflam'd with a deſire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his inkhorn—and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his ſtory in theſe words ———

—And where is the reſt of it, La Fleur? ſaid I, as he juſt then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT

AND THE BOUQUET*.

WHEN La Fleur came up cloſe to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other ſheets of it, which he had wrapt round the ſtalks of a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he had preſented to the *demoiſelle* upon the *Boulevards*—Then, prithee, La Fleur, ſaid I, ſtep back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *ſee if thou canſt get it*—There is no doubt of it, ſaid La Fleur—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of diſappointment in his looks than could ariſe from the ſimple irreparability of the fragment—*Juſte ciel!* in leſs than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his laſt tender farewell of her—his faithleſs miſtreſs had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young ſempſtreſs—and the ſempſtreſs to a fidler, with my fragment at the end of it——Our misfortunes were involved together—I gave a ſigh—and La Fleur echo'd it back again to my ear———

—How perfidious! cried La Fleur——How unlucky! ſaid I.

—I ſhould not have been mortified, Monſieur, quoth

* Noſegay.

La Fleur, if ſhe had loſt it—Nor I, La Fleur, ſaid I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no will be ſeen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either diſdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good ſentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I ſee paſs at broad noon day, in large and open ſtreets—Nature is ſhy, and hates to act before ſpectators; but in ſuch an unobſerved corner you ſometimes ſee a ſingle ſhort ſcene of her's worth all the ſentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are *abſolutely* fine;—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they ſuit a preacher juſt as well as a hero, I generally make my ſermon out of 'em—and for the text—"Cappadocia, Pontus and "Aſia, Phrygia and Pamphylia"—is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark paſſage iſſuing out from the Opera Comtique into a narrow ſtreet; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre* *, or wiſh to get off quietly afoot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a ſmall candle, the light of which is almoſt loſt before you get half way down, but near the door—'tis more for ornament than uſe—you ſee it as a fix'd ſtar of the leaſt magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this paſſage, I diſcern'd, as I approach'd within five or ſix paces of the door, two ladies ſtanding arm in arm, with their backs againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—As they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo

* Hackney coach.

edged

edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand—I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-ſix; the other of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—They ſeem'd to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapp'd by careſſes, unbroke-in upon by tender ſalutations. I could have wiſh'd to have made them happy—Their happineſs was deſtin'd that night to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it ſingular that a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms—and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeem'd aſtoniſh'd at it as much as myſelf—Twelve ſous! ſaid one—A twelve ſous piece! ſaid the other—and made no reply.

The poor man ſaid, he knew not how to aſk leſs of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

Poh: ſaid they—we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renew'd his ſupplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me—Upon my word, honeſt man, ſaid the younger, we have no change.——Then God bleſs you, ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others without change!——I obſerved the eldeſt ſiſter put her hand in her pocket—I'll ſee, ſaid ſhe, if I have a ſous. A ſous! give twelve ſaid the ſupplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would friend, with all my heart, ſaid ſhe younger, if I had it.

My fair *charitable* ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder—what is it but your goodneſs and humanity

which makes your bright eyes ſo ſweet that they outſhine the morning even in this dark paſſage? and what was it which made the Marqu s de Santerre and his brother ſay ſo much of you both as they juſt paſs'd by?

The two ladies ſeem'd much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pockets, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The conteſt betwixt them and the poor ſupplicant was no more---it continued between themſelves, which of the two ſhould give the twelve-ſous piece in charity——and to end the diſpute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED haſtily after him: it was the very man whoſe ſucceſs in aſking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had ſo puzzled me——and I found at once his ſecret, or at leaſt the baſis of it---'twas flattery.

Delicious eſſence! how refreſhing art thou to nature! how ſtrongly are all its powers and all its weakneſſes on thy ſide! how ſweetly doſt thou mix with the blood, and help it through the moſt difficult and tortuous paſſages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not ſtraiten'd for time, had given it here in a larger doſe: 'tis certain he had a way of bringing it into leſs form, for the the many ſudden caſes he had to do with in the ſtreets; but how he contrived to correct, ſweeten, concentre, and qualify it---I vex not my ſpirit with the enquiry---it is enough the beggar gained two twelve-ſous pieces——and they can beſt tell the reſt, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world, not ſo much by doing ſervices as receiving them: you take a wi

thering

thering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it becauſe you have planted it.

Monſieur le Count de B***, merely becauſe he had done me one kindneſs in the affair of my paſſport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to preſent me to others, and ſo on.

I had got maſter of my *ſecret* juſt in time to turn theſe honours to ſome little account; otherwiſe, as is commonly the caſe, I ſhould have din'd or ſupp'd a ſingle time or two round, and then by *tranſlating* French looks and attitudes into plain Engliſh, I ſhould preſently have ſeen, that I had gold out of the *couvert** of ſome more entertaining gueſt; and in courſe I ſhould have reſigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them. As it was, things did not go much amiſs.

I had the honour of being introduc'd to the old Marquis de B***: in days of yore he had ſignalized himſelf by ſome ſmall feats of chivalry in the *Cour d' Amour*, and had dreſs'd himſelf out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever ſince—the Marquis de B*** wiſh'd to have it thought the affair was ſomewhere elſe than in his brain. 'He could like to take a trip to England,' and aſked much of the Engliſh ladies. Stay where you are, I beſeech you, Monſieur le Marquis, ſaid I---Les Meſſrs. Anglois can ſcarce get a kind look from them as it is--The Marquis invited me to ſupper.

Monſ. P—— the farmer-general was juſt as inquiſitive about our taxes. They were very conſiderable, he heard---If we knew but how to collect them, ſaid I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monſ. P——'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been miſrepreſented to Madame de V** as an *eſprit*——Madame de V** was an *eſprit* herſelf, ſhe burnt with impatience to ſee me, and hear me talk. I

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and ſpoon.

had

had not taken my ſeat, before I ſaw ſhe did not care a ſous whether I had any wit or no---I was let in to be convinced ſhe had. I call heaven to witneſs I never once open'd the door of my lips.

Madame de V*** vowed to every creature ſhe met, "She had never had a more improving converſation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman---She is coquette---then deiſt---then *devotee*: the empire during theſe is never loſt---ſhe only changes her ſubjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the ſlaves of love, ſhe re-peoples it with ſlaves of infidelity---and then with the ſlaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the firſt of theſe epochas: the colour of the roſe was fading faſt away---ſhe ought to have been a deiſt five years before the time I had the honour to pay my firſt viſit.

She placed me upon the ſame ſopha with her, for the ſake of diſputing the point of religion more cloſely ---In ſhort, Madame de V*** told me ſhe believed nothing.

I told Madame de V—— it might be her principle, but I was ſure it could not be her intereſt to level the out-works, without which I could not conceive how ſuch a citadel as her's could be defended---that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deiſt---that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her---that I had not been five minutes ſat upon the ſopha beſide her, but I had begun to form deſigns---and what is it but the ſentiments of religion, and the perſuaſion they had excited in her breaſt, which could have check'd them as they roſe up?

We are not adamant, ſaid I, taking hold of her hand---and there is no need of all reſtraints, till age in her own time ſteals in and lays them on us---but my dear lady, ſaid I, kiſſing her hand——'tis too---too ſoon---

I de-

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V**. She affirmed to Monſ. D—— and the Abbe M——, that in one half hour I had ſaid more for revealed religion than all the Encyclopædia had ſaid againſt it---I was liſted directly into Madame de V**'s *Coterie*——and ſhe put off the epocha of deiſm for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a diſcourſe, in which I was ſhewing the neceſſity of a *Firſt Cauſe*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the fartheſt corner of the room, to tell me my *ſolitaire* was pinn'd too ſtrait about my neck——It ſhould be *plus badinant*, ſaid the Count, looking down upon his own---but a word, Monſieur Yorick, *to the wiſe*.

—And *from the wiſe*, Monſ. le Count, replied I making him a bow—*'tis enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together I was of every man's opinion I met. *Pardi! ce Monſieur Yorick a autant d'eſprit que nos autres—Il raiſonne bien*, ſaid another—*C'eſt un bon enfant*, ſaid the third.---And at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 'twas a diſhoneſt *reckoning*——I grew aſhamed of it---it was the gain of a ſlave—every ſentiment of honour revolted againſt it—the higher I got, the more I was forced upon my *beggarly ſyſtem*—the better the *Coterie*—the more children of Art—I languiſh'd for thoſe of Nature; and one night, after a moſt vile proſtitution of myſelf to half a dozen different people, I grew ſick—went to bed—order'd La Fleur to get me horſes in the morning to ſet out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the diſtreſs of plenty was in any one ſhape till now—to travel it through the Bourbonnois,

bonnois, the ſweeteſt part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is liſted up—a journey through each ſtep of which Muſic beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their cluſters—to paſs through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Juſt heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few ſmall pages left of this to croud it into——and half of theſe muſt be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The ſtory he had told of that diſorder'd maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in queſt of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never ſo perfectly conſcious of the exiſtence of a ſoul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door—her looks told me the ſtory before ſhe opened her mouth—She had loſt her huſband; he had died, ſhe ſaid, of anguiſh for the loſs of Maria's ſenſes, about a month before—She had feared at firſt, ſhe added, that it would have plunder'd her poor girl of what little underſtanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herſelf—ſtill ſhe could not reſt—her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wandering ſomewhere about the road.

Why does my pulſe beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeemed only to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand twice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told it? I beckon'd to the poſtillion to turn back into the road.

When

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar—ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſs'd in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net. She had ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket a pale green ribband, which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle: as I look'd at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring.—"Thou ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe.—I look'd in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe utter'd them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell with my handkerchief. I then ſteep'd it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again—and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before. She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that

time

time, but remember'd it upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſh'd it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—On opening it, I ſaw an S. mark'd in one of the corners.

She had ſince that ſhe told me, ſtray'd as far as Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once—and return'd back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Appennines, and travell'd over all Lombardy without money—and through the ſtinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes—how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported ſhe could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, ſaid Maria to the ſhorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I: and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and ſhelter thee; thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers; and when I had done thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe; nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken-heart.

Nature melted within me, as I utter'd this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteep'd too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it into the ſtream. And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I, I'll dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—'twill do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I,

I touch'd upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe look'd with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my

my face: and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin——The ſtring I had touch'd ceaſed to vibrate——in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf---let her pipe fall---and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.——She ſaid, to Moulines---Let us go, ſaid I, together——Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow——in that order we entered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewel of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly---ſtill ſhe was feminine---and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds——the Being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myſelf ſo joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage through this part of France; but preſſing through this gate of ſorrow to it, my ſufferings have totally unfitted me: in every ſcene of feſti-

vity I ſaw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, ſitting penſive under the poplar; and had got almoſt to Lyons before I was able to caſt a ſhade acroſs her.

——Dear ſenſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows; thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw—and 'tis thou who lifteſt him up to HEAVEN—Eternal Fountain of our feeling!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity which ſtirs within me.*"—Not, that in ſome ſad and ſickening moments "*my ſoul ſhrinks back upon herſelf, and ſtarts at deſtruction*"—mere pomp of words! but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf—all comes from thee, great *Senſorium* of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground in the remoteſt deſert of creation—Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh—hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giv'ſt a portion of it ſometimes to the rougheſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment I beheld him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!——it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

Peace to thee, generous ſwain! I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh—but thy joys ſhall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the ſharer of it—and happy are the lambs which ſport about thee.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming looſe from the fore-foot of the thrill horſe, at the beginning of the aſcent of mount Taurira, the poſtillion diſmounted, twiſted the ſhoe off and put it in his pocket. As the aſcent was of five or ſix miles, and that horſe our main dependence, I made a point of having the ſhoe faſten'd on again, as well as we could; but the poſtillion had thrown away the nails, and

and the hammer in the chaiſe-box being of no great uſe without them. I ſubmitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of a road, the poor devil loſt a ſecond ſhoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaiſe in good earneſt: and ſeeing a houſe about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the poſtillion to turn up to it. The look of the houſe, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, ſoon reconciled me to the diſaſter. It was a little farm-houſe, ſurrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and cloſe to the houſe, on one ſide was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peaſant's houſe—and on the other ſide was a little wood, which furniſhed wherewithal to dreſs it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the houſe—ſo I left the poſtillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walk'd directly into the houſe.

The family conſiſted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or ſix ſons, and ſons-in-law, and their ſeveral wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all ſitting down together to their lentil ſoup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table, and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promiſed joy through the ſtages of the repaſt——'twas a feaſt of love.

The old man roſe up to meet me, and with a reſpectful cordiality would have me ſit down at the table. My heart was ſet down the moment I enter'd the room—ſo I ſat down at once like a ſon of the family; and to inveſt myſelf in the character as ſpeedily as I could, I inſtantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myſelf a hearty luncheon: and as I did it, I ſaw a teſtimony in every eye, not only of an honeſt welcome, but of welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not ſeemed to doubt it.

Was it this, or—tell me, Nature, what elſe it was that

made this morsel so sweet———and to what magic I owe it, tnat the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle—and, at the age he was then of, touch'd it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and join'd her old man again, as their children and grand children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or effect of simple jollity—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a chearful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.

Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons---adieu then to all rapid movements! 'Tis a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a *Voiturin* to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not: your poverty, the treasure of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your valleys be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—With all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road—The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a passage could any-how be gained; there was nothing but to wait with patience—'twas a wet and tempestuous night; so that by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himself obliged to take up five miles short of his stage at a little decent kind of an inn, by the road-side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed chamber—got a good fire—ordered supper—and was thanking heaven it was no worse—when a Voiture arrived with a lady in it and her servant maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the

hoſteſs, without much nicety, led them into mine; telling them, as ſhe uſher'd them in, that there was nobody in it but an Engliſh gentleman—that there were two good beds in it, and a cloſet within the room which held another. The accent in which ſhe ſpoke of this third bed did not ſay much for it—however, ſhe ſaid there were three beds, and but three people—and ſhe durſt ſay the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters. I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—ſo inſtantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an abſolute ſurrender of my bed-chamber, I ſtill felt myſelf ſo much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it—ſo I deſir'd the lady to ſit down—preſſed her into the warmeſt ſeat—call'd for more wood—deſir'd the hoſteſs to enlarge the plan of the ſupper, and to favour us with the very beſt wine.

The lady had ſcarce warm'd herſelf five minutes at the fire, before ſhe began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener ſhe caſt her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed, I felt for her—and for myſelf; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the caſe itſelf, I found myſelf as much embarraſs'd as it was poſſible the lady could be herſelf.

That the beds we were to be in were in one and the ſame room, was enough ſimply by itſelf to have excited all this—but the poſition of them, for they ſtood parallel, and ſo very cloſe to each other as only to allow ſpace for a ſmall wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair ſtill more oppreſſive to us—they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one ſide, and a large beam which croſs'd the room on the other, form'd a kind of receſs for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our ſenſations—if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them ſo very ſmall, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feaſible, my

lying

lying beſide them, though a thing not to be wiſh'd, yet there was nothing in it ſo terrible which the imagination might not have paſs'd over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offer'd little or no conſolation to us; 'twas a damp cold cloſet, with a half diſmantled window-ſhutter, and with a window which had neither glaſs nor oil paper in it to keep out the tempeſt of the night. I did not endeavour to ſtifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; ſo it reduced the caſe, in courſe, to this alternative——that the lady ſhould ſacrifice hter health to her feelings. and take up with the cloſet herſelf, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl ſhould take the cloſet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmonteſe of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks. The maid was a Lionnois of twenty, and as briſk and lively a French girl as ever moved. There were difficulties every way—and the obſtacle of the ſtone in the road, which brought us into the diſtreſs, great as it appeared whilſt the peaſants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now—I have only to add, that it did not leſſen the weight which hung upon our ſpirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occaſion.

We ſat down to ſupper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furniſh'd, our tongues had been tied up till neceſſity herſelf had ſet them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, ſent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; ſo that by the time ſupper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourſelves inſpired with a ſtrength of mind ſufficient to talk, at leaſt, without reſerve upon our ſituation. We turned it every way, and debated and conſidered it in all kind of lights in the courſe of a two hours negociation, at the end of which the articles were ſettled finally betwixt us, and ſtipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and I believe with as much

much religion and good faith on both ſides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to poſterity.

They were as follow:

Firſt. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monſieur—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmeſt, he inſiſts upon the conceſſion on the lady's ſide of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame, with a proviſo, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimſey tranſparent cotton, and appear likewiſe too ſcanty to draw cloſe, that the *fille de chambre* ſhall faſten up the opening, either by corking-pins, or needle and thread, in ſuch manner as ſhall be deemed a ſufficient barrier on the ſide of Monſieur.

2ndly, It is required on the part of Madame, that Monſieur ſhall lie the whole knight through in his robe de chambre.

Rejected; inaſmuch as Monſieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having nothing in his portmanteau but ſix ſhirts and a black ſilk pair of breeches.

The mentioning of the ſilk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre; and ſo it was ſtipulated and agreed upon, that I ſhould lie in my ſilk breeches all night.

3dly, it was inſiſted upon, and ſtipulated for by the lady, that after Monſieur was got to bed and the candle and fire extinguiſhed, that Monſieur ſhould not ſpeak one ſingle word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monſieur's ſaying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myſelf ſhould be obliged to undreſs and get to bed—There was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to deviſe; proteſting as I do it, that if it is not the moſt delicate in nature, 'tis the fault of his own imagination—againſt which this is not my firſt complaint.

Now

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the ſituation, or what it was, I know not, but ſo it was, I could not ſhut my eyes; I tried this ſide and that, and turn'd and turn'd again, 'till a full hour after midnight; when nature and patience both wearing out ---O my God! ſaid I——

—You have broke the treaty, Monſieur, ſaid the lady, who had no more ſlept than myſelf.---I begg'd a thouſand pardons---but inſiſted it was no more than an ejaculation——ſhe maintained 'twas an entire infraction of the treaty---I maintained it was provided for in the clauſe of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up her point, though ſhe weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the diſpute, I could hear two or three corking-pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, ſaid I—— ſtretching my arm out of bed by way of aſſeveration——

(---I was going to have added, that I would not have treſpaſſed againſt the remoteſt idea of decorum for the world)——

But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hoſtilities would enſue in courſe, had crept ſilently out of her cloſet, and it being totally dark, had ſtolen ſo cloſe to our beds, that ſhe had got herſelf into the narrow paſſage which ſeparated them, and had advanced ſo far up as to be in a line betwixt her miſtreſs and me——

So that when I ſtretch'd out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre*'s——

THE END.